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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

The Week.

The Western Republican "insurgents," both Senators and Representatives, have had triumphal receptions at home. It is clear that they understood perfectly the sentiments of their constituents, and represented them accurately. The strong Republican papers of the West continue to be amazingly outspoken about the shams and cheats that were left in the tariff, and to urge a continuance of the fight to get the frauds taken out. And the demand is that the work be done under Western leadership. Says the Kansas City *Star:*

> All of those Republicans in Congress who stood on the side of the people, who took the party platform and the President's campaign pledges in good faith, are Western men. And with these men and the spirit, the public sentiment, the public feeling, the national intelligence they represent, lies the hope of tariff revision, the hope of the elimination of corruption and graft and oppression from the tariff system.

Similar views could be cited from the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, the Minneapolis *Journal*, and the Topeka *State Journal*. We have plainly before us the beginnings of a new "Winning of the West" away from mole-eyed protection.

Attorney-General Wickersham, in announcing that he is planning to continue his official work while on vacation near this city, is quoted as remarking:

> The Administration policy to continue the prosecutions of corporations that are violating the Sherman act or have violated it is well enough known now, but I cannot, of course, say what plans for further action we may have.

This pronouncement is in line with Mr. Wickersham's previous declarations. We do not suppose it to mean that the Department of Justice is mapping out an aggressive general campaign against any class of corporations; but it is fairly to be inferred that the Administration is convinced that the need for close watch of attempted combinations in violation of the law is imperative. Such a policy has no inconsiderable relation to the new tariff law. It was an open secret that the Taft Administration, in answering the argument that the maintenance or advance of certain duties would increase the cost of living, took the general attitude that free home competition would prevent such an outcome. But, obviously, if the erection of a new tariff barrier against foreign competition were to be followed by domestic combinations to force up prices, this argument would collapse at once. It is the business of the Department of Justice to watch the developments in that direction.

Many complaints against the methods and results of different United States Censuses have been made by statisticians and investigators. Serious discrepancies have been pointed out between the figures of one census and those of another. There have been intolerable delays in editing and publishing the material. We have hardly got all the data of one census before the ten-year period has rolled by, and the time has come to take another. All this has led to an uneasy suspicion among students that our census-work has been only approximately accurate. This feeling has been shared by foreign scholars. Happily, the promise for the Census of 1910 is bright. Mr. Taft's letter to Secretary Nagel comes as near as is now possible to taking the census away from the spoilsmen. The appointment of supervisors and enumerators is to be made on a political basis—though even here the Democrats are to get half in several Southern States—but the actual appointees are to be under stringent orders to take no part in politics whatever, on pain of instant dismissal. This action by the President is a fitting sequel to that provision in the Census bill which, for the first time, put the permanent employees of the office under the civil-service rules. For that step in the direction of political decency, we were indebted to President Roosevelt, who met the schemes of the spoilsmen with a sharp and effective veto. The bill then failed for the session, but it soon became apparent that Mr. Taft would insist upon the same reform principles. Congressmen were forced reluctantly to retreat, and the small army of census clerks in Washington were finally brought under the rules. Original appointments are to be made only after competitive examination, and, once in office, a clerk is to be protected from arbitrary dismissal.

The replies made by national bank directors to Comptroller Murray's letter of inquiry, indicate how timely the circular letter was and how lax is the sense of responsibility frequently felt by those charged with the management of these institutions. Four per cent. of the directors admitted frankly that they knew nothing about their banks, while only 25 per cent. were ready to declare that they had personal knowledge of the real conditions of their banking business. In something less than one-third of these associations are loans and discounts actively approved by the directors, while, in the remainder, these functions are discharged by the officers of the bank. It is perhaps of less real importance that 80 per cent. of the directors admit that they cannot certify as to the genuineness of signatures upon business paper which the banks have discounted. But the disclosures are, nevertheless, highly unsatisfactory. Making every allowance for the plea that bank directors rely, and in large measure are forced to rely, upon the confidence they repose in each other and in their elected officers, the office is designedly a responsible one. Its due discharge requires a first-hand acquaintance with the bank's business much more intimate and extensive than at present prevails. The story told of General Lee is one that directors should take to heart. After the war, when the general was besought to lend his name to a concern with the assurance that he would have nothing to do and would receive $50,000 a year, the veteran declined upon the ground that if his name alone was worth that much a year, he must be very careful how it was employed.

With Mr. Gifford Pinchot's strong desire to conserve the remaining water powers of the country and prevent a water-power Trust, every one must sympathize. Public opinion has undergone a great change in this matter. Whereas it was formerly thought perfectly proper for any one to acquire water powers who had the means, it is now felt that they should not pass into the hands of

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anybody save through a limited franchise or lease. Beyond doubt, both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pinchot have represented in this matter enlightened sentiment. They seem to have gone about it at times in a thoroughly Rooseveltian manner by suspending or overriding the laws where they interfered with their public-spirited policy. Secretary Ballinger, himself a Western man, thoroughly familiar with the wishes of the Western people and formerly connected with the Land Office, believes in sticking to the letter of the law, perhaps because he is a lawyer of high standing. Mr. Pinchot, speaking last week before the Irrigation Congress at Spokane, uttered a protest against "legal technicalities"; in fact, his whole fervid defence of Mr. Roosevelt's conservation policy must be taken as a protest against the procedure of the present Administration. It follows several "muck-raking" articles in various magazines which have hinted that Mr. Ballinger stands for the "old régime" and is really working for the "interests" that prey upon the people. This we do not for a moment believe, any more than we can think that Mr. Taft is secretly and malevolently plotting to undo what was the best of his predecessor's policies. And, in fact, the statement given out last Friday in Mr. Ballinger's behalf by the General Land Office, would seem to leave but little of the contention that he has been giving away water powers to any one who knocked at his door.

It must have been a great shock to the New York legislative committee to learn, from the Republican Governor of Kansas and the Republican National Committeeman and leading Republican newspaper editors, that the Kansas primary law has eliminated bosses and all corrupt political influences. Yet this was the testimony they were compelled to listen to. Kansas would not dream of returning to a convention system; indeed, Kansans, who take such a great —mistaken, of course—interest in Gov. Hughes, find only one criticism of his direct primary suggestion—that it does not go far enough. "Eliminate every delegate" is the Kansas slogan, and the most critical and hostile New York committeemen will have to admit that the system has worked well there. They can only fall back upon the agricultural character of the Kansas population, if they wish to explain away this success.

Whatever the verdict in the inquiry into Lieut. Sutton's death, it cannot be denied that the Marine Corps has suffered grievously by the testimony as to the life the young officers affected were leading while stationed at the Annapolis school of instruction. They were supposedly there to learn to conduct themselves as young gentlemen and officers, instead of which they appear to have been a rowdy, hard-drinking, and fist-fighting lot, who thought that it comported with good manners to throw a comrade down on the floor and beat him until he threatened, and actually tried, to commit murder. More than that, there seems to have been a surprising lack of discipline, for officers were apparently on the most familiar terms with privates and sergeants. The Marine Corps has hitherto borne an excellent reputation; in efficiency and soldierly conduct it has ranked very high; higher in Cuba and elsewhere, than the regular army organizations beside which it has served. There are excellent and high-minded officers in the Corps, who must be deeply chagrined that in one batch so many undesirables were foisted upon it, and that the officer in command of the school was not able to subordinate and train them properly.

Nietzsche's "blond," whom he loved so much, and whose decline through the cunning of his darker rival he so much deplored, is, according to Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon and major in the United States Army, on the point of extinction. Our jails are full of blonds, he alleges, who have fallen into poverty, disease, and crime. Light hair and ingenuous blue eyes often accompany the pickpocket's dexterity and moral languor. Dr. Woodruff thinks the cause of this deplorable state of affairs is an excessive sunlight, which the sensitive blond cannot endure. Whether or not the blonds are a declining type, it seems to be a fact that they are, relatively to the brunettes, decreasing numerically. Even in German cities and towns, where one might expect to find the light-haired and blue-eyed Saxon and the sun-touched Teuton, increasing numbers of brunettes are to be seen. Blond women, indeed, are growing so rare, that, like some species of orchids and other delicate plants, they have a special charm for whole races of men, the French, for instance. Perhaps, too, the blonds may have some spiritual grace, often associated with the languor of early decline. But Nietzsche seems to have been a bad prophet.

Madame Maurice Maeterlinck, who is an operatic actress, has a plan to translate art back into the life from which it springs. She intends to produce "Macbeth" at her husband's château of Saint-Wandville, without a stage. The building is an old, castle-like affair, with architectural elements from the twelfth century. It is full of great corridors, huge rooms, an impressive banquet hall, and its environment is wild and secluded. The idea is, not to play "Macbeth," but to reproduce it. The banquet, for example, will take place in the actual banquet hall, the sleep-walking scene in the bedrooms, and there is a desert heath where the witches will weave their malevolent webs. If there are any spectators, they will be as the spectators of a drama in real life, who glide in and out of the scenes, to whom not all is revealed of the tragic circumstances, but who feel, vaguely, the indefinite horror of the events. This is realism with a vengeance, and suggests the ultra-æsthetic idea that nature is a copy of art.

No more difficult problem confronted the men who have been organizing a great and united state in South Africa than that of dealing with the native. There is, of course, some racial prejudice against the dark skin, and some horrible crimes have been committed there by white men, in the name of Christianity and civilization. But, on the whole, there is warrant for saying that the relationship between the races is cordial and friendly. The Boers are, perhaps, harsher with the untutored native than are the English. But even the Boers respect a native who has acquired property and shown himself a stable citizen, and admit him to their churches. Now the Act of Union contains a clause (No. 35) that "no person who . . . is registered as a voter in any Province shall be removed from the register by reason of any disqualification based on race or color." This does not, however, mean that there is to be manhood suffrage all over South Africa, for where the na-

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tive is already excluded from the ballot he will, for the present, remain so excluded. As to the wisdom of this, there seems to be general agreement; but there has been a sharp difference as to whether the native ought to sit in the Union Parliament, which is to be the supreme legislature for South Africa. The Act of Union limits eligibility to British subjects of "European descent." Heretofore in Cape Colony the native has been eligible to the Cape Parliament, and, although he never made use of the privilege, he held it in high regard. That right he retains, but the Cape Parliament becomes now merely a local council.

Thus for the first time in history, the Cape native finds himself subject to a political disability because of his color. This is an entering wedge which has not only disconcerted the natives, but has led to vigorous and high-minded protests from men like Sir Gordon Sprigg, Mr. W. P. Schreiner, and others, who see here the jeopardizing of the "essential principles of free government," for it attacks "ministers of religion, editors, teachers, doctors, public servants, clerks, land owners, traders, and artisans." They believe, also, that it will be now possible, in some reactionary moment, to disfranchise these same persons solely because of race and color. The Imperial Parliament is not, however, going to interfere. The Ministry is satisfied that substantially as many rights have been given to the native as he possessed before, and that the question is a domestic concern which is best left to those most intimately involved for final adjudication.

There has been a happy interchange of views between the Anglo-German Friendship Committees of Great Britain and Germany, which affords evidence that not every one in England has lost his head in the invasion panic. The letter from the English Committee is signed by such men as its president, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Avebury, Lord Brassey, the Earl of Lonsdale, Herbert E. Maxwell, and Francis William Fox. It asks among other questions:

> Why should there be estrangement between our countries? Your heritage of culture is ours also. Your chief heroes and teachers are ours. All your highest aims and aspirations are shared by us. There may be rivalry, full and unfettered, in generous and pacific pursuits. Two nations had never less cause for strife, and never more for unity of spirit.

The Committee then assures its German friends of its readiness to do anything within its power to avert the terrible disaster of war, saying:

> We have put, and shall continue to put, before our countrymen, as we doubt not you will before yours, the supreme duty at this hour of resisting that spirit of fatalism which assumes that two nations of the highest intelligence, and masters of their future, must sooner or later become foes, and of combating the present propaganda of war with a no less earnest propaganda of peace.

The German reply is in the same high tone, and full of gratitude for the efforts made by the British Committee. It quotes anew the Kaiser's words, spoken at the Guild Hall in London in 1907: "The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between our two countries . . ." and asserts that the great and ever-increasing burdens of militarism on both countries "can hardly be tolerated any longer." Among the German signers are Theodore von Hollieben, Eduard de Neufville, and Wilhelm Faber.

The reason why Von Bülow was not anxious to dissolve the Reichstag appears clearly from the result of recent bye-elections in Rhenish Bavaria. The Social-Democrats gained in the first election more than 2,000 votes, while the National Liberals and the Alliance of Landowners lost, together, 3,000 votes, and the Clericals 1,700. Another vote being necessary between the Socialists and Liberals, the former won the election by 1,000 votes; many Clericals apparently voting against the Liberal candidate, whose party has now lost its last seat in Rhenish Bavaria. The result has, of course, created a great political sensation. It being an off-year contest, there was naturally a smaller vote than in 1907; but the significance of the outcome is not to be overlooked. The Liberals, who were a party to the *bloc* policy of Von Bülow, are beginning to feel the punishment they merit for compromising and abandoning the real Liberal principles. As for the increase in the Socialistic vote, the new and heavy taxation undoubtedly played its part, together with universal disgust at the delays and compromises in the Reichstag. While this district includes two considerable cities, they are located in an agricultural and highly conservative province. The warning was, therefore, the more unmistakable. The Socialist newspapers speak of it as only the beginning of a great day of reckoning.

Aristide Briand, who is described as the "first Socialist Premier in France," is the man most hated by the "radicals" to-day. Writers in *La Guerre Sociale* and *L'Humanité* regard him as the "lowest of mankind." The cause may be that he has "the advantage of having a little common sense," as Clemenceau once triumphantly maintained of himself in an encounter with Jaurès. Whatever the social philosophy of Briand and Clemenceau might be, if they were proceeding *a priori* to construct it, they as practical and executive men recognize, when in power, that it is a condition and not a theory which confronts them. As editors, Clemenceau and Briand were not too much troubled by the facts; as ministers, Clemenceau apparently has done his democratic best in guiding the State, and it seems that the "sadder and wiser" Briand will follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. His name is and will be anathema to his former friends; but that is a situation which, in the course of human affairs, eternally recurs.

It is difficult to arrive at the merits of the dispute between China and Japan over the question of the Manchurian railway. The Japanese case was first put before the public, and cast all the blame on the shilly-shallying of Chinese diplomacy. But Kipling has told us what anybody may expect who undertakes to make the Orient "hustle." China's reply, issued later, charges Japan with seeking more than she was entitled to, under the treaty, and of depending on her "military and naval superiority." This would seem to imply that the Mandarins are ignorant of the great American doctrine of the strong man armed who will neither suffer nor do injustice. One thing, at least, Japan has spared us, and that is a snuffling pretence that she is taking what she wants under an overpowering sense of Divine guidance. Western Christians, in their wars of conquest, have the great advantage over the heathen of being conscious servants of the Lord, when they kill and rob,

> They said their duty, both to men and God,
> Required such conduct—which seemed very odd.

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"POPULAR" TAXES.

A revulsion of feeling over the new taxes proposed by the Liberals, is now going on in England. The cable dispatches but faintly reflect it. They state that the Conservatives are much worried to discover that Lloyd-George's budget is much more "popular" than they supposed. They have been attacking it tooth and nail, denouncing it as "fraud," "spoliation," and "robbery," but now they find that it is meeting with warm approval from large classes in the electorate. The Liberals have been unexpectedly winning bye-elections on the issue of the budget, and a general chill has fallen upon the divided counsels of the Conservatives. One of their own newspaper organs, the *Daily Mail*, plainly tells them how the tide is running. It says:

> What the Unionist party scarcely seem to realize is that the mass of people whose envy and cupidity Mr. Lloyd-George seeks to arouse are not versed in politics and stagecraft. They cannot see through the flimsy fallacies of socialist argument. To a large number of them the Chancellor of the Exchequer appears with the halo of his own creation as the friend of the poor man, the sworn foe of injustice in high places, the humbly-born castigator of the idle rich. Among those who watch most closely the fluctuations of public sentiment there is a pretty general agreement that during the last few months the position of the government has been strengthened.

The immediate reference is to an extraordinary speech which Lloyd-George has just made in London. It was, affirm the shocked Conservatives, a performance such as no previous Chancellor of the Exchequer could have been capable of; and they are right. It was a fighting and inflammatory speech. Lloyd-George carried the war into the enemy's country in dashing style. In explaining his new land taxes, he ridiculed the Dukes, and held the landlords up to scorn, amid the uproarious applause of his audience. He asserted that his opponents were making the greatest political blunder in history, when they assumed that the land-owner was beloved in England, or that it would be a shrewd or safe thing for any party to set itself up as the special champion and defender of the landlords. Describing himself as "a son of the people," Lloyd-George declared that he should see to it that the very rich should be compelled to pay their just share of taxation. In this kind of campaigning, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is ably seconded by Winston Churchill, who has been speaking with great boldness and vigor, and declaring that the Government would not permit such a "crime against the British democracy" as would be "the slightest mutilation" of the budget by the House of Lords. Mr. Churchill has also announced a scheme of workingmen's insurance by the state, after the German model, to be introduced next year; and it is plain that the leading spirits of the Ministry are preparing to throw themselves bodily upon the middle-class and labor vote. As the signs multiply that the new taxes are "popular," the drift that way will be more marked.

Over the mere proposal to make a beginning of taxing the unearned increment in land, there seems no sufficient reason for all this excitement. It is a tax which has been advocated by eminent economists and leading statesmen in England. Joseph Chamberlain himself advocated it in 1885. Before that date, a Royal Commission on land taxation had made a report favoring a tax on the increment much more extreme than the one now urged by Lloyd-George; and that report was signed, among others, by Cardinal Manning and the present King of England, then the Prince of Wales. Proposals with such a weight of authority behind them, and with the endorsement of John Stuart Mill, seem hardly to deserve such a violence of epithet as the Conservatives have been bestowing upon them. But it all comes from flinging the measure into heated politics. In the circles where they move, and in the ranks of their own followers, Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne found the new land taxes intensely unpopular, and so they seized upon them as another stick to beat the Liberals with, speaking of them, as Sir Edward Carson has done, as "the beginning of the end of all rights in property," "the satiation of greed," and "a war of the classes." Such extravagance of language begets equal extremes in retort; and the result is that England is torn with passion over a question of taxation that should have been broached and settled with scientific coolness. The whole matter is expected to turn on the fact whether the taxes are "popular" or not.

A good and just tax may be popular; but so may one that is ill-advised and oppressive. A sober statesman will look beyond any such external test. He will inquire whether the proposed tax is one sound in principle, equitable in operation, and such as will not do more to harm business and the good relations of the classes in the community, than it will do good in helping the revenue. But for the politician, it is enough to know that the people's fancy is caught with the new taxation. That was the real argument by which the corporation tax was passed in our Congress. It would be a "popular" tax, therefore necessarily a good one. But that remains to be seen. What we already know is that sound finance and wise taxation cannot be as fickle as the caprice of the crowd.

SCIENTIFIC SPECULATIONS.

If modesty is ever seemly, it is where the layman stands in the presence of the man of science. When the ultimate nature of physical phenomena is under discussion, we feel as did Thackeray when his story reached the battle scene. Like him we salute the military novelist and retire below decks. It is only when a man of science himself takes up the criticism of prevailing theories in physics that we dare to venture out under the shelter of his guns.

It is true that long before Prof. L. T. More's paper on "Atomic Theories" appeared in the *Hibbert Journal* for July, we had bemused ourselves over recent tendencies in science. Few who have been graduated from college in the last quarter of a century will forget what an impression of finality they received from their instruction in physics and chemistry. The professors of these subjects used to refer in sportive satire to the lack of definiteness and the endless flux in the humanities. Science towered on high, with its *quod semper, ubique, ab omnibus* disdain. It, at least, dealt with knowledge untainted by human passion. And yet in the last two decades rumors of radical change have reached the ears of the old alumnus; stories of jangling schools of theorists who wage battle over the inmost mysteries of nature.

Professor More, in the paper referred to, contrasts the scientific procedure and the scientific precision reached in mechanics, with this speculative chaos now obtaining in the realm of molecular physics. The units of measurement in the physics of ponderable matter are based upon and verifiable by sense perception. Mass, length, and time are all

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magnitudes related to experience. With the aid of the Cartesian geometry and the calculus, the motions of bodies and the interactions of bulky matter are capable of solution. The paths they traverse and their velocities can be formulated quantitatively. In terms of energy, an explanation can be offered of the agencies which move them. To this Newtonian legislation all bodies on the earth beneath or in the starry heavens were and remain subject. Once the positions, velocities, and masses of any system were given, its past or future could be calculated with precision. But when in the last century the phenomena of light, sound, heat, electricity, and magnetism came under investigation, the method of science, as Professor More demonstrates, showed a tendency to change. The bodily affections of color, pitch, temperature, and electrical charge were not susceptible of the exactitude of measurement possible in the case of molar physics. Most properly, therefore, these phenomena were reduced to terms of energy as measured in mechanical units.

Had the process been content to stop here, there would be no ground of criticism. But with the study of these less tangible phenomena, a new scientific method crept in. Hitherto phenomena had supplied the raw material of study. But increasingly from now on a hypothetical method of conjecturing the nature and activity of the ultimate constituents of matter began. Newton had held aloof, with his *hypotheses non fingam*, from speculating on the inner nature of the agency causing universal attraction. But in the matter of light he conjectured that minute corpuscles were flung off from luminous matter—to the retardation of the development of optics for a century. But undeterred by this scientific miscarriage, the modern physicist revels wildly in the imaginative creation of ultimate constituents of matter and its environment—molecules, atoms, ions, electrons, protions, corpuscles, æthers, and what not—and proceeds by experiment to confirm his guess or to change and elaborate his conjecture as the experimental test requires. He ends up, after piling hypothesis upon hypothesis, with a molecule which is itself "an aggregation of particles, each vastly more intricate than the stellar systems, and whirling around each other with a motion approximating a hundred thousand miles per second."

The use of this method within limits is perfectly valid; but its prevalence is fraught with grave danger. In the first place, fictitious entities are assumed not perceivable by the senses. So long as experiment does not invalidate the assumption, the hypothetical creations grow in reality to their inventor until, as Professor More puts it, "the essential differences between hypothesis and fact, between metaphysics and physics" disappear. One distinguished physicist declared to our author that "we know far more about the ether and the atom than we do about sensible matter." To which the proper retort was given that "a Frankenstein might say of a mechanical man which he had conceived and constructed—I know more about him than I do about a real man." A second danger inherent in the prevalent method is the assumption that the internal, intrinsic, essential nature of matter's ultimate make-up is knowable at all. So far as physics has progressed, it has been by reducing observed phenomena to regular coexistences and sequences. All analogy would seem, therefore, to favor this process rather than to attempt to penetrate into the geometrical shapes of ions, or to discern whether they are spheres or disks, as certain savants in Germany are now trying to do.

But the serious aspect of the matter is not the procedure of science itself, but the effect of such studies in the training of young minds. The question is whether a science based on such hypotheses does not tend to dull that conscious distinction between what one knows and what one does not know, which is almost the highest aim of education. It would be a strange reversion if we should find in the end that science, at least as it is coming to be taught, differs from poetry in not knowing the difference between fact and fancy.

FAIR AND FOUL-WEATHER YACHTS.

It would be a misfortune to American yachting if the rough experience of the New York Yacht Club, in its sail around Cape Cod, should act as a damper on future open-water cruising. We have no desire to make light of the hardships the boats encountered. There is no stretch of coast more trying in a blow than that of Cape Cod, from Hyannis to Provincetown. The dangerous shoals from the Vineyard to Chatham make every navigator breathe more freely when he is well into Massachusetts Bay. Only the other week two big merchant schooners grounded in sight of Chatham, under much better weather conditions than the yachts ran into. In that stretch of water a forty-mile breeze brings with it anxieties which would not be felt under other shores; and for this reason, as well as the saving in time, navigators hope for an early completion of the Cape Cod ship canal, that the Cape may lose its reputation as a graveyard for vessels.

Granting that the weather was bad and the coast dangerous, the yacht fleet's experience is bound to raise the old question whether our racing craft are not too often machines built for competitions on Long Island Sound in moderate breezes, and therefore oversparred, with insufficient hull-strength for anything like a deep-sea wind. Under the new scantling restrictions, the hulls of the present-day racers beyond doubt mark a great improvement over the time when imitations of Columbia and Defender were all the rage. But boats like the 57-footers and most of the racing schooners are still far better off in port than at sea on a wild night. Now, we are not of those who would insist that every racing boat should be fit to cross the ocean, but we do maintain that if yacht-racing is to do for the sport all that it ought, the average racer should be stanch and seaworthy enough to go out in a 35-knot breeze, or to take care of itself properly in a sudden blow. Too often races are postponed because of the wind, when our English rivals would laugh at the suggestion that they should stay at anchor. Curiously enough, the big boats are often the least eager to sail in a blow.

The difference in the types of boats is best illustrated by the performances of Elmina and the little Eleanora. The Elmina led the fleet in because she was a stanch, sea-going, and at the same time, a fast boat, combining all the desirable qualities. This was to be expected, because her designer, Mr. A. Cary Smith, has long been turning out just that kind of craft, even when his boats are built to race. Eleanora, on the other hand, is a racing boat pure and simple, a fine light-weather performer, but far too heavily sparred and

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with too frail a hull for such seas and wind as she met off Cape Cod—only to lose her mast. It is distinctly the Elmina type of boat that our yachtsmen should pattern after, and we believe they will more and more as the evil influences of the last America's cup racers fade further into the past. Those were skimming dishes, pure and simple, built for summer weather, on one particular course, and, as we pointed out then, bound to have a noxious influence. For what the sport ought to turn out is *sailors* able to take care of themselves at all times, and not mere racing-masters at ease only in light breezes in land-locked waters.

Something of the same problem has recently developed in motor-boat racing. The Bermuda race of motor boats this year is believed to have been the last of its kind, and its founder, Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, has recently felt himself compelled to denounce the present generation of yachtsmen as a "crowd of weaklings and degenerates." But Mr. Day, we think, misses the point. There is bound to be a much greater difference between the ocean-going motor-boat and that built for every-day cruising, than between the sail-racer and the sail-cruiser. The ocean-going motor-boat needs, for instance, greater storage capacity, stronger engines, than the ordinary pleasure craft, and sufficient sail-power to crawl into port in case of the disabling of the engine. So far the Bermuda race has aroused interest largely because of the venturesome danger of going to sea in boats never built for that purpose, with one exception, Ailsa Craig. This is, again, an A. Cary Smith craft, which has since been turned into a tow boat for a racing sloop, for which purpose her exceptionally heavy hull and strong engine admirably fit her.

A motor vessel admirably fitted for ocean racing is now in service on Cape Cod. She is absolutely unsinkable, being divided into nine watertight compartments, and having every mechanical and engineering device ingenuity could devise. Yet she is wholly lacking in the accommodations necessary for comfortable long-distance cruising. There is no doubt that she could be driven around Cape Cod in a winter's gale with perfect safety. But this exaggerated type of decked life-boat is not what the ordinary yachtsman wants. In racing, whether motor-boats or sail-craft, the desirable thing is a boat in which its crew can have confidence even when caught in a blow and driven miles out to sea. Experiences of this kind come to every yachtsman and are dreaded by the right sort of amateurs only when they are sailing a freak of more than doubtful sea-going qualities. We do not agree with Mr. Day that "the large boat-owners have degenerated into a lot of pond sailors whose only ocean lies between Larchmont and Glen Cove." But we do believe that if we are going to develop real sea-going sailors, like the English amateurs, the first requisite is a safe and sane type of boat, that can take punishment proportionately as well as do the Gloucester fishermen.

LETTERS IN BIOGRAPHY.

Since Meredith's death, all kinds of reports concerning a possible biography of him have been in circulation. His own wish was said to have been strongly against the writing of any Life at all. There was the story that he had warned his friends that he should "haunt" any of them who might venture to assume the rôle of biographer. Also, we had the picturesque accounts of Meredith burning a lot of his private letters, just as Browning and Tennyson were said to have done when Froude's Carlyle was published, and likewise rumors that he had expressed the desire that any who were in possession of letters from him should similarly destroy them. Now, however, the whole matter is put in a new light. Mr. William Meredith has sent a note to the newspapers, requesting the loan of such letters of George Meredith's as may be in existence, for the purpose of publication under the editorship of John Morley. It should seem, therefore, that we are to have "Letters," even if not a "Life."

It would be idle to speculate on the value of such a collection of Meredith's correspondence. The fragments of his letters which have already appeared in print are interesting, but not distinguished. They do not argue that he would take his place among the great letter-writers. Many a man has been in essay or poem powerful, but in letters contemptible. We would not say that this was true of Dr. Holmes or Matthew Arnold, but certainly their published letters were disappointing: they did not seem level with their formal writings. On the other hand, no one could have foretold from Cowper's literary performances that his letters would be such a monument to his fame. However it may prove with Meredith in this respect, the printing of specimens of his private correspondence should aid in solving the problem of his style. Critics will be anxious to see whether he wrote to his friends in as labored a form as he used when addressing the public. Probably, it will be found that Meredith's writing was much of a piece, whether hurried or studied, and that his style was *de l'homme même*. This is known, for example, to be the case with Henry James. The idiosyncrasies of his writing in novels and essays, which some innocent folk imagine him as fabricating with endless and patient toil in his books, are so the habit of his thought that they drop from him spontaneously when writing—or dictating, as he does by preference—the most unpremeditated private letter to a friend. We imagine it will prove so with Meredith.

It is, however, not literary form, but personality, that we most desire to study in the letters of a well-known author. It is the living picture which they present that makes up the fascination of letters in biography. And, as a rule, they are the best and most vital part of any biography. When Coleridge said that literary executors have a way of making havoc with the brains of the man whose Life they undertake to write, he doubtless had in mind the way in which too many biographers obtrude their own judgment or prejudices. They do not let the man himself speak. But this he does in any copious publication of his letters. In them, he is not merely off his guard, and revealing himself as he is, but escapes the misinterpretation, or inability to understand, of his biographer. Of course, even letters have to be edited with discretion. The mere fact that a famous man has written them is no necessary warrant for their being given to the light in mass. George Russell is much to be blamed for some of the American letters of Matthew Arnold which he published. They gave great and needless offence and pain. If they had been written about English people, Russell would have edited them more carefully, or suppressed them; but he seems to have made up his mind in

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a sort of Luther spirit that, reflecting only on Americans, they were "good enough for the Galatians." Nothing of the kind need be feared in the instance of Meredith's letters, if they are to be edited by Lord Morley.

Many nice problems of editorship arise in connection with printing the letters of great writers or statesmen. If their after-fame bulks large enough, we get the complete edition of their works, in which the "Letters" stand by themselves, filling volumes, as with Swift or Walpole, Franklin and Washington. Editing, in such cases, reduces itself to arrangement and explanatory notes. But ordinarily the difficulty of the editor is to winnow out, in the first place, the letters that ought to be printed, and afterwards to set them properly in the frame of the "Life and Letters." The older fashion was to put the biography in the first half of the book, and then to lump the letters at the end. This too much severed the two parts. To avoid this, the practice was adopted of stringing the letters along at the end of each chapter. Even then, the reader had to be turning back and forward all the time. If letters are freely used in the narrative proper, the effect is more pleasing, but frequently tends to break up the consecutiveness of the story. There is also the question whether letters should be grouped chronologically, or by subjects, or correspondents. Each way has its awkwardness at times, and the most skilful editing is that which varies the method, as interest or entire impression requires, not following throughout any too rigid plan. But however they may be presented, we all agree, despite the regularly recurrent complaints about letter-writing having become a lost art, that letters constitute the great charm of biography.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Of the many rare pamphlets by Thackeray or with which Thackeray was associated probably the rarest is that first (and only) number of the *Whitey-Brown Paper Magazine*, being a series of lithographs from his drawings, with explanatory text by him. This is undated, but was probably printed about 1838 or 1839. That first number must have been an experiment only, as no more, so far as known, were ever published. The copy, which belongs to Joseph Grego and is mentioned by him in his "Thackerayana," published anonymously by John Camden Hotten in 1875, now belongs to Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia. The drawings were also reproduced in the *Autographic Mirror*, a curious periodical made up entirely of lithographed facsimiles of manuscripts and drawings (Vol. I, 1864). They next appear reproduced from the *Autographic Mirror* in the "Miscellaneous Essays, Sketches and Reviews" (1886), which forms Vol. XXVI of Thackeray's collected works.

As Grego points out, the purpose and aim of the caricatures was to hold up to ridicule Dr. Dionysius Lardner, voluminous writer on natural philosophy and editor of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," and Lardner's friend Sir Bulwer Lytton. These two gentlemen were connected with the *Literary Chronicle*, a rival of *Fraser's Magazine*, to which Thackeray was an important contributor. In this probably lies the explanation of Thackeray's series of caricatures. The same matter forms the subject of "Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew," published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and afterwards included in "Comic Tales and Sketches" (1841).

The features of Diddler throughout are, it is said, a faithful likeness of those of the eminent philosopher, Dr. Lardner. The illustration of "Mr. Shortman" is a caricature portrait of the head of the publishing house of Longmans & Co., and "Sir Hinry Pelham" is, of course, Bulwer Lytton.

The original drawings were formerly owned by Joseph Grego, editor of the two Thackeray volumes, "Thackerayana" and "The Student's Quarter," and were exhibited by him in four oak frames under glass at the Victoria Era Exhibition at Earl's Court, London, in 1897. These have recently been acquired by a Chicago collector.

Correspondence.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. G. Bradford's letter on "Personality in Politics" in the *Nation* of August 5 is as interesting as it is scholarly, and its statements and implications might well command attention and discussion by that portion of the press which serves as an independent forum for the general public.

All history shows that it is personality which initiates any change in crystallized convention; but as soon as the alteration is effected it is convention that disowns personality, and at least ignores it, if it does not, overtly or covertly, aim to crush it out. This is true not only in politics, but in all the other fields of human activity or aspiration. All I propose to say on the subject at present, however, is in reference to an observation of your correspondent apropos of the decade immediately preceding the outbreak of our civil war.

Your correspondent never, surely, would have said that "up to the firing upon Fort Sumter *neither* side had hardly more suspicion of an impending war than they have now," if he had ever read "The Impending Crisis," by the recently—and unhappily—deceased Southern writer, Rowan Helper, an impressive output, considering its source, and published a year or two before the war began, or—a still more striking example—"The Partisan Leader" (I think that was its title), a romance based, according to my recollection, on a prophesied war, successfully waged by the South against the North for its separation from the latter. This volume was published, I think, as far back as some year in the early thirties, and, I may mention incidentally, was lent to me, with a recommendation to peruse it, by Prof. Alexander Dallas Bache, a grandson of Benjamin Franklin, and the chief of the Coast Survey. Prof. Bache was the vice-president of the United States Sanitary Commission during the war, and I was its assistant secretary. Both of us resided in Washington, and my Sunday evenings were generally spent under the chief's hospitable roof, where, from the lips of other habitués, chiefly officers of the navy, army, and civil service, and some of them Southerners who had retained their allegiance to the United States government, I heard many an anecdote illustrative of the fact that the majority of the young Southerners of that generation had been brought up to consider a war with the North, in defence of their property and methods, based on the "peculiar institution," as something for which it behoved them to be prepared.

My duties, too, brought me into not infrequent contact with wounded and sick Confederate officers and men in our Union hospitals, or in our ambulances when, at the front, I was with sections of our armies, "on the march"—they for the line of battle or for the base and I for incidents to serve for my periodical letters, as "supply correspondent" with the commission's various branches throughout the loyal States. Among these Confederates I found many confirmations of the story of a long-time prevalent anticipation in the South of Seward's "irrepressible conflict."

I had, indeed, just before both sides took up arms for the *bellum lethale* that followed, quite realized that a fratricidal strife was upon us. For it happened that in the autumn and winter of 1860-1861 I lived in the same boarding house—kept by an Italian lady—with a lot of young Southerners studying medicine at the adjacent medical college in Fourteenth Street, New York. (By the way, one of our fellow-boarders among the few whose lines were cast in the North was the afterwards distinguished musical director, Theodore Thomas.) Before sitting at table with these young scions of the "Sunny South" I had, like most residents hereabout, counted the war talk of their like as mere sophomorical bravado and bluff. But at close and continuous quarters with this party—mighty pleasant and companionable young fellows they nearly all were—I realized that I had been mistaken; and when I exchanged friendly adieus with them in the spring of 1861 it was in the full consciousness that they were in dead earnest in averring they were going home to join Confederate regiments to fight us.

Your correspondent is entirely right, so far as the North was concerned. Except among a very few more observant and long-headed men, much more familiar with the South and better read in history than the mass of those north of Mason and Dixon's line, the war talk by those south of it during the decade of 1850-1860 was regarded as buncomb; but his statement as regards the brave upholders of what, from their point of view, were their rights, is contrary to historical facts. The next

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decade, with its "cruel war," its "lost cause," and its needless and, for the hapless Southerners, bitterly humiliating "reconstruction" period, clearly demonstrated that however great and—mainly on their own account—deplorable their mistake in ignoring the humanitarian tendencies of their generation, they had at least been in earnest, and deserved sympathy for the losses and sufferings they had gone through. And what candid and benevolent mind now refuses respect for the South's devoted stand in conscientiously defending, against the equally brave and conscientious North, what the former regarded as its lawful dues? A. J. BLOOR.

Stonington, Conn., August 11.

A RELIC OF CHARLES LAMB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Amongst my books—phrase dear to the bookman's heart—is a "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance," which was published by Edward Moxon in 1833. It is a well-intentioned effort now entirely forgotten. Excellent as are its sentiments, and fully as I approve of them in the main, it is doubtful if this particular copy would remain on my shelves but for its association with Charles Lamb. For it was once in his possession, and was presented by him to Thomas Westwood, the Arthurian poet and scholarly angler. It formerly had Lamb's autograph on the flyleaf, until some foolish—to use no harsher adjective—autograph hunter cut this away. But he has not succeeded in spoiling the identification of the book with Elia, for the inscription, perhaps written with a pencil or stylus, has left a shadowy impression on the title-page, and at a favorable angle of light there can be read the words: "T. Westwood Jun from C. L.," in the characteristic handwriting of the gentle spirit who called up for us "the old familiar faces."

The "Rhymed Plea" is anonymous, but it is known to have been the production of John Kenyon, a verse-writer and philanthropist, who enjoys the distinction of having been one of the aiders of Coleridge's family. He was on terms of friendship with Wordsworth, Southey, Ticknor, Bayard Taylor, Barry Cornwall, and Walter Savage Landor. To him Browning dedicated his "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics." Crabb Robinson says that Kenyon had "the face of a Benedictine monk and the joyous talk of a good fellow." When he died in 1856 he bequeathed £10,000 to Browning. His verses are often graceful, but they lack force, and do not greatly grip the mind. As an admirer of Pope, to whom he says

> . . . belong
> The heights at once of satire and sweet song,

he wrote his dialogues in Pope's metre. They are almost monologues. There are some vivid reminiscences of the scenery of Jamaica where Kenyon was born, and it is not without interest to hear of his induction into the pleasures of literature. After the horn-book,

> The Muses came with that expanding day,
> First pious Watts, then—a strange transition—Gray!
> A chance-found book! Oh! how I loved to read
> Of Kingly Odin and the coal-black steed—
> The gory shuttle tossed from hand to hand,
> And all the mysteries of that Runic land.

From Gray he passes to the Bible, Homer, Rogers, Shakespeare, Dryden, and Milton. He describes himself as having "all-but took the desperate plunge—in ink," but perhaps was checked by the fear of "the Demon of review." "The Plea" may be summed up in its concluding lines:

> . . . howe'er each sect may brawl,
> Where pure the life, where free the heart from gall,
> Whate'er the creed Heaven looks with Love on All!

How did this book come into the hands of Charles Lamb? The clue is given by Westwood in the delightful reminiscences of Lamb, which he contributed to *Notes and Queries* (3rd S., X, 221):

> There were few modern books in his collection, and subsequently such presentation copies as he received were wont to find their way into my own book-case, and often through eccentric channels. A Leigh Hunt, for instance, would come skimming to my feet through the branches of the apple tree (our gardens were contiguous); or a Bernard Barton would be rolled downstairs after me from the library door. "Marcian Colonna" I remember finding on my window-sill, damp with the night's fog; and the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" I picked out of the strawberry bed. It was not that Lamb was indifferent to the literary doings of his friends; but their books were unharmonious on his shelves. They clashed, both in outer and inner entity, with the Marlowes and Miltons that were his household gods.

Doubtless the "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance" was a presentation copy to Lamb, who, finding it no fit companion for Fuller's "Worthies" or for Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, passed it on by direct or devious paths into Westwood's young and willing hands. And now it has a cherished corner "amongst my books" for its autograph, or simulacrum of an autograph—a ghostly and shadowy relic of the gentle Elia.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, Eng., August 6.

TOO MUCH EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have insisted upon free education, education for all, compulsory education; all sorts of ologies and what not have been injected into our educational systems, and what is the result?

In the first place, our anxiety for so-called education, a diversity of accomplishments, has been such that our children have no idea of thoroughness, they cannot spell correctly, they know little of any of the fundamentals, they have been taught to skim over the surface of things, a smattering of a subject has been accepted as a satisfactory attainment, frivolity is encouraged, a frivolity that sticks all through life, in matters of the greatest importance. Then, too, so much is attempted in our schools that the youngsters believe themselves all candidates for college and higher things; ours is a race of embryo Presidents, Senators, captains of industry, directors, and managers. All believe themselves above working with the hands, headwork only is fashionable, and the least possible of that. Our farms are abandoned, the young people flock to the cities, they cannot, will not, do manual work, they must teach or be typewriters or petty clerks pro tem., awaiting the time they can be enrolled upon the lists of the great. Our trade-unions further complicate matters by limiting the number of apprentices in each trade and otherwise making those trades hard or undesirable to get into.

The farm, the shop, the mine, are as much part of the State communal body as is the office, the bank, or the shop. The State should not discriminate between these and help one at the expense of the other. It is doing that now by its free education; it is pulling people away from the farm and the workbench and fitting them exclusively for work requiring scholastic attainments. All of its grade schooling is planned as preparatory for high school, and the high school is managed as a stepping-stone to college. The State is really to blame for existing conditions, though it has erred in judgment and does not lack in good intent. By its excess of education, so to speak, it has vulgarized the sciences. It has tried to bring everything down to the lowest level of comprehension; it has made millions of mediocrities, people partially or dangerously little educated, but it has given us few, distressingly few, brilliant minds and thorough scholars. Indeed, it has been contended that many of our criminals have become such because of compulsory education; they had to read and naturally turned to debasing, demoralizing reading that in turn led them on into evil. Had they been compelled to work without knowing how to read, they might have turned out better.

Are we to face about and seek to re-create a peasant, a laboring, and uneducated class?

No, but it should seem that something could be done to correct the wrong that is so apparent all around us.

The State has got us into this pickle, now it is the State's duty to get us out of it. Let there be less education and more instruction in the primary grades, more character-building, a training to get the child into the way of learning and applying what is taught. Let there be less kindergarten and playful frills and a more thorough grounding in the rudiments, the three R's. If the child is fitted by nature for a professional career, he'll go on, never fear; if he is not, why should the State tempt him into it, and spend its money and waste his time trying to make a doctor or a preacher out of him, and perhaps spoiling a good farmer or butcher?

The State provides the education, why should it not dispose of it to its own best advantage? Is not that its duty as representative of all the people and all the interests? After a certain grade point is reached, then, by most discriminating and intelligent examinations, physical as well as mental, the children should be divided off according to their especial fitness, this one on to high school, and later to college and a profession, that one to manual training and a trade, and the other to the agricultural school and the farm. What is the use of leaving it to the fond parent, who may have dedicated to the ministry an infant who grows up better fitted by nature for a mule-driver? Oh, certainly! If papa wants to pay for it, let him educate his mule-driver into all the higher orgies of football, polo, poker, and so on, that he may get at the best universities, but I am writing now about the education supplied by the State, and for the maintenance of which we all subscribe.

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What is the sense of one, or, at most, two, agricultural schools in a State and a high school in every cross-roads village? Our entire school system needs revamping. The State has mistakenly gone on in one direction. It is worse than folly to keep on because it started that way. It is most important that a change of direction be made, and the time to do it is now.

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

Washington, D. C., August 5.

BEASTS AND THE LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the various communications that you have printed concerning the legal trial of animals I have not noticed any reference to what is surely the *locus classicus* on the subject, "The Wasps" of Aristophanes. Philocleon, gone litigation-mad, after having been long restrained from the courts by his devoted son, is at last allowed to amuse himself by trying a dog accused of stealing a piece of cheese. The cause is pleaded, testimony is brought forward, the innocent babes of the accused are produced to work upon the judicial sympathies, and the culprit is finally acquitted by mistake in a whirlwind of Aristophanic gayety.

Racine, in "Les Plaideurs," has imitated the scene closely, with somewhat more of the "gravity of mirth," but also with original touches of graceful pleasantry, as in the advocate's plea for the forlorn infants:

Venez, famille désolée;
Venez, pauvres enfants qu'on veut rendre orphelins,
Venez faire parler vos esprits enfantins.
Oui, messieurs, vous voyez ici notre misère:
Nous sommes orphelins, rendez-nous notre père, &c.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., August 13.

BY MEANS OF THE ACROSTIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find that by applying Mr. W. S. Booth's acrostic theory to the Sonnets Isaac Newton can be credited with ix, xii, xv, and xviii, and Robert Browning with xxviii; while Theodore Roosevelt can claim xxxi, and George Gordon (Lord Byron) cx. This is a little confusing but is easily explained by the reincarnation of the omniscient Bacon who foresaw the personalities he would assume. I have no books since the fire and little time to devote to discovering how much of all literature is attributable to this Buddha.

There is a letter extant written by Bacon to Sir Richard Twomley in which he says that he is revising his works for publication, and has "the assistance of the best pens in London." The date of the letter identifies these "best pens" as Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Johnson, who were at that time constant callers at Bacon's house. Considering the adulation that was offered to patrons in that day there seems nothing extraordinary in these writers rather enjoying the exercise of weaving just such subtle flattery into their compositions.

ALEX. F. OAKEY.

San Francisco, Cal., August 5.

Notes.

Scribner's Magazine now announces that Mr. Roosevelt's account of his African trip will begin in the October issue, and will run for a year.

We are glad to hear that "Anne of Green Gables" is to have a sequel (published soon by L. C. Page & Co.), in "Anne of Avonlea." May she prove as charming as her original self.

"Stradella," another posthumous novel left by F. Marion Crawford, is to be published by the Macmillan Co. in the autumn. It is described as a love story of Italy of the seventeenth century.

Henry Holt & Co. hope to issue in September the third volume of DeAlva Stanwood Alexander's "Political History of the State of New York," which carries the narrative down to the time of Cleveland's first term.

Two more volumes of Scribners' New York edition of Henry James give us "The Golden Bowl," with a preface in the style of those contributed to the other stories. In the present case, Mr. James begins his prefatorial comment thus:

Among many matters thrown into relief by a refreshed acquaintance with "The Golden Bowl" what perhaps most stands out for me is the still marked inveteracy of a certain indirect and oblique view of my presented action; unless, indeed, I make up my mind to call this mode of treatment, on the contrary, any superficial appearance notwithstanding, the very straightest and closest possible.

There is no difficulty in comprehending what he means by an "indirect and oblique view" of the presented action; but those who wish to know what he regards as a possible alternative to this must turn to the preface itself. They will find here a discussion of literary method which is at least frank, if it is not simple. With these two volumes this handsomely made edition is complete.

There comes out of Tokio, clad in sea-green and gold, from the publishing house of Kyo-Bun-Kwan, a slender, gracile volume by J. Ingram Bryan, called "The Feeling for Nature in English Pastoral Poetry." Upon the outside of the cover is something vaguely Oriental in a Japanese vase. Inside, there are stars, honey, fire, dew, and flowers. This is not a treatise on pastoral poetry, gentle reader; it is itself a pastoral poem. Under the spell of the author's mellifluous, flowering prose, tropical to an almost Hibernian richness, the reader forgets, as the author forgot, all tedious details of chronology, typography, and orthography. Occasionally, indeed, one may feel some shade of difference of opinion from Mr. Bryan—for example, when he says that Bion and Moschus "remind one more of the grammarian than the poet." But again and again one finds one's self in heartiest accord with him. "It would be a mistake," he says, "to be hypercritically tempted into regarding the seventeenth century as a period in which there were no great poets." Perhaps one hesitates for a moment, but on thinking of Shakespeare and Jonson and Webster and Herrick and Milton and Dryden one must conclude that Mr. Bryan is right—is indubitably right. Again he speaks of Lyly's "poetic prose, admirable for smoothness and charm," and one thinks how aptly that characterization would fit the style of Carlyle or of Mr. Chesterton. "The calm and cultured atmosphere of Ben Jonson," he continues with another inimitable bit of generalization, "did not succeed in lending spontaneity to the lifeless classicism of Waller." Alas, how can we deny it—especially as we firmly believe that the full and fattened purse of William Wordsworth was equally unsuccessful in lending daffodils to the languid pantheism of Rockefeller? Those among us who knew what a feeling for nature is—and it is not the fault of literary investigators if any one is now in ignorance—will find in this volume much that is novel.

"The Literary Man's Bible," a selection of passages from the Old Testament, historic, poetic, and philosophic, arranged with introductory essays and annotations by W. L. Courtney, has appeared in a fourth and popular edition. The volume is intended to set before the reader the latest results of the higher criticism, and to attract attention to "the extraordinary literary value of the Bible." The prefatory essay accomplishes the first task very succinctly. The various strata of underlying text are described no less than the priestly redaction made during and after the Babylonian captivity. The editor is at pains to point out that some points in Jewish literary history grow rather more remarkable as the result of recent studies, as, for instance, that the Jews were so largely dominated by Babylonian influences and yet emerged with a set of legends monotheistic rather than polytheistic. Equally extraordinary was the intimate connection in the early nomad faith of the Hebrews between ethics and personal religion, to the comparative neglect of sacrifice and liturgical worship. It is questionable whether the second part of Courtney's task is equally successful. Imagine a parallel case. Suppose that Wolf's hypothesis of the Iliad had been broached among the Greeks of the decadence. Imagine the Ur-Iliad or the tale of a proto-Achilles torn from the conventional context and pieced by fragments allotted on alleged internal evidence (unverifiable by the average reader) to various subsequent periods and authors. The unity of the traditional design would be so broken as to dissipate much of the literary effectiveness of the tale. Something similar is experienced by reading the dissected portions of the Old Testament which are here arranged in an entirely novel order. The text of the King James version is very properly followed, though here the editor's literary feeling breaks away from his scientific leash.

In the preface to his "Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mr. William Pierce states that he has in mind to publish an edition of the Tracts themselves, with the necessary elucidations. Such a work we should welcome heartily. Meanwhile we can only commend Mr. Pierce for the diligent study shown in the present work, and regret his spirit. That spirit, at his best, can be shown in a brief quotation:

Early in his life Whitgift was swept by the tide of the Reformation into the Protestant camp; and there, so far as credal assent goes, he remained unchanged to the end. But Protestantism is more than an intellectual assent to a reformed creed:

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it is the release of a new spirit; a buoyant and adventurous temper of the mind, a self-realization of the freedom and the prerogatives of the soul. And to the *ethos* of Protestantism Whitgift was entirely a stranger.

No objection will be taken, perhaps, to such a statement; but Mr. Pierce's summarizing of the conflict under Elizabeth so as to place all the freedom and prerogatives of the soul under the banner of nonconformity and only tyranny and the crooked counsels of hypocrisy on the side of the church ends by revolting the taste and judgment of any but the most bigoted reader. This is not to write history, but a brief for a criminal prosecution. The story of the tracts themselves, their authorship and obscure printing, Mr. Pierce has studied out with care, and his work is here valuable, although he has failed to put into his narrative the buoyant and adventurous interest of which it would be capable in a skilful hand.

Leopold von Ranke's "History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations" was published in 1824. It was the first important work of the author, who has justly been regarded with peculiar reverence as the founder of the modern scientific instruction in history. It was revised by him fifty years after its first appearance, but not with thoroughness or with suitable employment of later material. Its value to the student consists in its bringing together under one point of view the exceedingly complicated political and military events of a period in which the northern and the southern nations of Europe were engaged in working out the problem of control in Italy. It is not a work of the highest authority. The events it deals with have all been examined many times by more critical scholarship, but for the purpose for which it was designed, it still remains useful, and thanks are due to the translator, G. R. Dennis, and to the publishers, The Macmillan Co., for its present reproduction.

The most effective work now done in political science is that going on in the field of applied politics. Avoiding abstract principles and *a-priori* speculation, it addresses itself to examination of the actual organization of public authority and of the way in which governmental function is carried out. In "The Government of European Cities" (Macmillan), Prof. William Bennett Munro of Harvard has made a valuable addition to this literature. He gives a detailed account of the way in which municipal government is formed and carried on in France, Germany, and England. The style is clear, straightforward, and unpretentious, and the treatment is steadily confined to the subject in hand without any attempt to point a moral or aid a cause. At the same time references to American municipal methods frequently occur as incidents of the explanation of European procedure, and these add to the value of the book for American readers. The writing, while succinct, is copious in detail, and only administrative experts in the countries respectively considered could check off all the statements made; but the work itself affords intrinsic evidence of its painstaking accuracy. One cannot read the book without being deeply impressed by the essential simplicity of the principles upon which European municipal government is constituted. The general aspect of municipal government is far more democratic than in this country, and, in view of the contrast in results, the inference suggests itself that the road to improvement in American conditions lies in substituting simple forms for the present complex entanglements. The commission plan of government now fast sweeping throughout the country is a movement of this character, but it is accompanied by a restriction in extent of representation at wide variance with European practice, in which representative assemblies are so broadly constituted that every interest or locality is assured of a voice in the management of public affairs, although with no power to frustrate action prompted by consideration of general interests. Professor Munro's work has already been widely adopted as a text-book in university instruction, and extension of its use will be salutary.

Scientific history has put memoirs upon its Index—but that makes little difference to other people. Memoirs continue to appear and to prosper, like most things on the Index, even if they may be unreliable as records of the past and of value to the historian only when his documentary sources confirm the tale—or are lacking altogether. In this class belongs the "Recollections of Baron de Frénilly," which, with the Introduction and notes by Arthur Chuquet of the Institut, has been translated by Frederick Lees (Putnams). Frénilly, whose life stretched between 1768 and 1848, while not a conspicuous figure in the history of the Revolution, was acquainted with those who were. He was a typical product of the privileged class of the old régime, a young man-about-town with no other purpose in life than to shine in society. His Recollections, which were begun only in 1837, show a remarkably keen memory, particularly for small but picturesque details, but they are so deeply dyed in aristocratic prejudice that he would be a bold historian who would be willing to rest content with such a source for any incident which it recounts. The best of memories are sadly strained at the distance of forty years; here we have both strain and warp. The reader should be reminded that the Reign of Terror was but one incident in the French Revolution; there have been two other reigns of terror in Paris, worse from some points of view, of which we have relatively little literary record. Yet the human interest in those tragic days never flags. Frénilly just touched the fringe of the Terror, or else he has something to conceal—which seems quite probable. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the memoirs is the light they throw on the way the old noble families managed to save the wreck of their fortunes through the disorder of the time and in the face of confiscations. This is a page of French history, and of the history of property, awaiting more thorough research.

With the issue by Zanichelli of Bologna of the twentieth and final volume of the complete edition of Carducci's works, a number of critics have published estimates of different phases of his art. Benedetto Croce in a recent number of *La Critica* discusses the influence which foreign poets, and especially Heine, exerted upon Carducci, and ingeniously leads to the conclusion that their effect is wholly negligible. Adolfo Gandiglio's volume, "Studio su la Canzone di Legnano," deals carefully with the historical sources of that poem, while, as the title of the book indicates, "Il pensiero di Carlo Cattaneo e di Giuseppe Mazzini nelle poesie di G. Carducci," by Pietro Tommasini-Mattiuci, weighs the political and historical influences on his thought of the times in which he lived. Zanichelli proposes to begin at once, in uniform edition, the publication of Carducci's letters, and to complete this collection with a volume of hitherto unpublished writings. In addition to this more expensive edition, the publishers have begun to issue a reprint at seven cents a volume.

When once you have become attached or, as the case may be, reconciled to the floridness of his style, there are few pleasanter guides to Italy than Mr. Edward Hutton. His latest book, "In Unknown Tuscany" (Dutton), describes a summer passed on Monte Amiata. Most Italian travellers have at one time or another yearned toward the great blue dome that towers in southern Tuscany, and have vaguely asked themselves what it was like up there. Mr. Hutton answers that question. It is full of ruined feudal castles and dismantled monasteries. At Radicifoni and Santa Fiora are many fine enamelled reliefs of Giovanni della Robbia and his school. Everywhere there are magnificent views over the Maremma, the lakes of Trasimene and Bolsena, or towards the more distant Appenines of Umbria and the Marca. The peasants are simple, independent, and courteous. Intensely religious—in a single sector of the mountain Mr. Hutton counted fifty-four beacon fires on the evening of the feast of the Assumption—the region has within a generation produced a Messiah. The story of David Lazzaretti, who founded a theocratic republic only to fall before the bullets of the carbineer in 1877, is one of the most interesting parts of the book. People still speak of him on the mountain as *nostro Gesù*. Politically the history of the region is remarkable. All forms of lordship were represented. The Abbey of San Salvatore ruled a large part of the heights. From Santa Fiora the Aldobrandeschi played a sharp though losing game with the Emperor, the Pope, and the Commune of Siena. Small tyrants, *signorotti*, kept alive here the traditions of feudalism long after it had vanished from northern Tuscany. Among these little lords was the famous robber Chino di Tacco, whom Dante and Boccaccio have immortalized. On the other hand the town of San Salvatore obtained a substantial bill of rights from its abbot lord in 1212, three years before the English Barons met at Runnymede. Mr. William Heywood contributes scholarly notes on all such matters. It is evident that the fuller study of this neglected region might cast much light on the winning of communal independence in Italy. Naturally Mr. Hutton's business is with his own impressions of the people and scenery—on which topics he is characteristically lyrical—and with the historical narrative, which enlists his more sober manner. The blend if not quite harmonious is agreeable enough. As to practical ways

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and means, the unexigent Anglo-Saxon may find good permanent accommodation at Abbadia S. Salvatore, whence on donkey back the rest of the mountain may be explored. The book contains numerous photographic cuts and eight color prints after sketches by O. F. M. Ward. These are alluring to the intending traveller if rather faintly pretty as transcribed in colored inks.

Volumes XIII, XIV, and XV of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Government Printing Office), aggregating more than 1,400 pages of text, are needed for the record of 1779. The new matter is greater in amount than for any previous year, more than half of the record of proceedings being now for the first time printed; while, in addition, numerous reports of committees and boards, and the entries of the "Secret Journals," are inserted. The year was crowded with business and anxiety. January opened with the summary dismissal of Thomas Paine from the secretaryship of the Committee for Foreign Affairs, following his blazing indiscretion, for which he seems to have felt no remorse, in revealing diplomatic secrets. An investigation of the conduct of the American representatives in Europe, though disastrous to the reputation of more than one actor, both at home and abroad, was followed by the abandonment of the plan of one commission of several members, and the appointment of ministers plenipotentiary to Great Britain, France, Spain, and Holland. Much time was also spent in discussing the terms of the anticipated peace, the most troublesome matters being those of boundary, fishing rights, and the navigation of the Mississippi. On the other hand, the supreme value of the French connection is never lost sight of, Congress adopting, as early as January 14, the fateful resolution not to make peace alone. The plan for a renewed attack on Canada, which had haunted Congress ever since the failure of Arnold and Montgomery, was finally given up. Commendable progress was made in the direction of a better administrative organization. An inspector-general's department, an ordnance department, and a board of admiralty were provided for, the former Treasury system was replaced by a Treasury board, and persons not members of Congress were brought into the administrative service. Of the admiralty powers of Congress, there was frequent consideration.

On the other hand, State controversies and personal bickerings were rife, and the financial situation was moving rapidly from bad to worse. Pennsylvania preferred charges against Arnold, which had not been disposed of by the end of the year; the people of the New Hampshire Grants complained of the encroachments of New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; Rhode Island was suffering from the effects of an embargo on the export of provisions from Connecticut and Massachusetts; and there was outspoken opposition in Maryland and elsewhere to the course of Virginia in the matter of its Western lands. A step in the direction of sounder finance was taken in September, in limiting to $200,000,000 the total issues of bills of credit; and November 29 saw the last output of this demoralizing form of currency. Requisitions continued to be made upon the States, as in the previous year, for money and specific supplies; while in September the situation was so bad that an address to the country was issued, in which Congress pathetically urged the folly of pledging the faith of the United States for the payment of a national debt, unless the States raised promptly and fully the sums apportioned to them. The only really bright spot of the year, outside of the reorganization of the diplomatic and administrative services, was the adoption of Steuben's admirable infantry regulations, and the increased disposition to rely, in military matters, upon the judgment of Washington. Of the excellence of Mr. Ford's editing we can only repeat what has already been more than once said in our notices of the earlier volumes of this invaluable series.

Dr. Johannes Luther's "Die Titeleinfassungen der Reformationszeit," soon to be published by Rudolf Haupt of Leipzig, the publisher of the publications of the Gesellschaft für Typenkunde des XV Jahrhunderts, will be an important source for the study, not only of the typography and engraving, but of the literature and civilization of the early sixteenth century. In these borders we find numerous illustrations of costumes, processions, plays, etc., of the time. The work will be published in six or eight parts, each containing fifty plates, and for each plate a transparent duplicate.

Everybody interested in the mediæval "Dance of Death" must have felt the lack of a handy treatise on the subject. The publications treating the same are almost all too costly, or out of print. This want is now filled by the work of Prof. Joseph Künstle of Freiburg im Breisgau, entitled "Die Legende von den drei Lebenden und den drei Toten nebst einem Exkurs über die Jakobuslegende" (Freiburg i. Br.; and St. Louis, Mo., Herder). This volume supersedes all former publications, being based on the results afforded by the most recent research. Professor Künstle brings sufficient evidence to prove that the Dance of Death is the direct outcome of the thirteenth-century legends of the "three living and three dead." This is a new thesis, and it enables the author to elucidate the development of the legend and of its representations in art from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. Like so many other subjects of mediæval iconography, this was suppressed by the Tridentine Council. The author presents all the texts necessary to the understanding of the subject, and among these a Lübeck manuscript containing a low German dialogue between a dead man and a living one, with highly interesting drawings dating from the fourteenth century. The introductory chapter on the representations of the legends of St. James the Greater in German art is an admirable essay on iconography. This saint was specially popular in the Middle Ages in southern Germany, where many confraternities and chapels were dedicated to him. Recently several of the latter have been freed from the whitewash concealing the frescoes on the walls, and important representations of the legends connected with the saint of Compostella have been thus discovered.

Benjamin Ellis Martin died August 15 in this city, where he was born seventy years ago. He spent his life writing and travelling, and his best-known books are "About England with Dickens," "Old Chelsea," "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," and "The Stones of Paris in History and Letters."

Prof. Wilhelm Bernhardt of Washington was killed on Thursday of last week at Burlington, Vt., by a train on the Rutland Railroad. He was deaf, and it is supposed that he failed to hear the approaching train. He was born in Halle, Thuringia, about sixty years ago, and came to this country after the Franco-Prussian war. He taught in various places, and served as director of German in the high schools of Washington from 1882 to 1896; and was the author of a German grammar, a history of German literature, besides editing editions of many German authors.

The Rev. Hiram Washington Thomas, founder of the People's Church of Chicago, has died at the age of seventy-seven. In 1881 Dr. Thomas was expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church for heresy. He is the author of "Origin and Destiny of Man," "Life and Sermons," and "The People's Fulpit."

DANTE IN ENGLAND.

Dante in English Literature from Chaucer to Cary. By Paget Toynbee. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $5.

To collect the available references to Dante in English literature from Chaucer to Cary is indeed a Herculean task; and Dr. Toynbee is to be warmly congratulated upon his extensive performance. His sane and thorough scholarship, which has long been known to English and foreign lovers of Dante, now demands recognition from students of English literature. This is, to be sure, a book of reference rather than a critical work. But the quotations from the five or six hundred authors are so clearly and so admirably arranged that it is not difficult to trace the history of Dante's fame in England.

An introductory essay sums up the conclusions of the research. It is a difficult task to cover so wide a topic in so few pages; and, although the principal facts are clearly and soundly set forth, the essay lacks distinction in style and seems not to have accounted sufficiently for the various streams and tendencies in literature that have caused fluctuations in Dante's fame. Nor has Dr. Toynbee thrown any new light on some of the perplexing problems in this field of criticism. He gives no satisfactory explanation of the curious reference to Chaucer in Lydgate:

> He wrote also full many aday agone
> Daunt in Englysch hym selfe so doth expresse.

The treatment of the influence of Dante upon Lindsay's "Dreme" is disappointing; nor is there any mention of the same author's "Exclamatioun to the Reader twycheyng the wrytting of Vulgare and Maternall Language," which may have relation with the "Convivio" and the "De Vulgari Eloquentia." In the case of Dunbar, too, as in that

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of Lindsay and the other Scottish poets, the problem of Italian influence needs further investigation. On all questions of the possible influence of Dante, Dr. Toynbee happily sins on the side of caution. In discussing Sackville's Induction, for example, he quotes Professor Courthope's contention that Sackville's sources were Virgil and Gavin Douglas, and adds, "But this does not preclude the suggestion that Sackville was influenced by Dante as well." It is, by the way, strange to see so excellent a scholar make the old mistake of assigning the plan of the poem on the model of Lydgate's "Falls of Princes" to Sackville, who, it is now well known, was merely a contributor to the work. Dr. Toynbee's words on the relations between Spenser and Dante are somewhat disappointing. Doubtless it is a "much debated question which it seems impossible definitely to decide"; but the personal opinion of such a Dante scholar as the author would satisfy us more than his Scotch verdict of not proven. Such problems cannot, of course, be settled by parallel passages alone; it is decidedly refreshing to see an enthusiastic follower of a great poet refrain from assigning to his influence similar ideas in later writers. But there are other literary tests that might be applied.

At the close of his preface the author asks for "information which may serve to fill the inevitable gaps in this first instalment of the history of Dante in English literature." The first instalment is so elaborate and so large that additions of any moment cannot be extensive, yet one or two references of minor importance it may not be amiss to give here. One interesting reference in Milton is omitted. In a letter to his friend, Deodati, written from London, April 21, 1647, the English poet bespeaks for his own religious views from the Italians the same indulgence which they showed to Alighieri and Petrarch. Under Thomas Fuller should be added a translation of Leland's epigram on Sir Thomas Wyatt, which Dr. Toynbee prints under Anthony Wood, but which was also published in Fuller's "Worthies of England," 1662. It is also interesting to note that in the 1641 edition of Foxe's "Martyrs" there appears in the index: "Dante an Italian writer against the Pope." Dr. Toynbee is doubtless right in excluding what may be mere suggestions of the influence of Dante, as, for example, the relations between the "Vita Nuova" and the "Memoirs" of Sir Kenelm Digby. It may, however, be permissible to quote here what Professor Norton, in an unpublished letter, writes of Dante and Donne:

> I have the impression that there are one or two references to him in Donne's sermons, but possibly I am deceived by the memory of passages analogous in thought or statement of doctrine. I have not the volumes here to refer to and make sure. At any rate, for richness of learning, abundance of thought, and depth of feeling Donne's are better worth reading than any other sermons of the time.

To Americans it must seem strange that there is no allusion in these volumes to the influence of Dante upon American writers. To be sure, not much more than a beginning had been made before 1844, the *terminus ad quem* of Dr. Toynbee's work. But the first ten cantos of the Inferno were translated by T. W. Parsons in 1843; and his distinguished lines "On a bust of Dante" are no mean contribution to English poetry. Of course, the notes to Longfellow's translation, which are perhaps the most important contribution made by America to the literary study of Dante, do not come within the limits of this work. But Longfellow had begun his study of Dante much earlier than 1844. In his inaugural address as professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College, delivered in 1830, he speaks of Dante as the immortal Father of Italian song, and adds:

> Throughout the Divina Commedia of Dante it is easy to trace the workings of the political and religious character of his age. Whether he leads you to the peaceful shades of Paradise or enters that broad gate over which is inscribed, "Through me ye pass into the city of woe," it is but a transcript of the stirring thoughts which agitated not only his own bosom, but the bosoms of the crowd around him, of his paternal city, of his native province, of all Italy.

It is interesting to set such a passage over against Mrs. Trollope's words written in 1832, labelled by the editor, "American ignorance of Italian literature":

> To speak of Chaucer, or even Spenser, as a modern appears to the Americans inexpressibly ridiculous; and all the rich and varied eloquence of Italy, from Dante to Monti, is about as much known to them as the Welsh effusions of Urien and Mordred to us.

Doubtless the influence of Dante upon American letters was not marked until the work of Longfellow and Lowell and Norton had been published; but early allusions cannot be altogether lacking. Perhaps Dr. Toynbee has intended his work to be limited strictly to the British Isles.

In glancing over the chronological list of authors published at the end of the second volume, one is struck by the quality of the men in English literature who have had the most to do with Dante. When we read the names of Chaucer, Milton, Gray, Shelley, and Keats, and of Sir Thomas Browne, Coleridge, and Ruskin, we are reminded anew of the criticism that Dante compels attention from certain types of mind, and that the true appreciation of him is one of the touchstones of literary taste. But it is not chiefly in gathering the tributes of such great souls as these that Dr. Toynbee has made his work of value: it is in the countless allusions to Dante from the lesser men that we may see more clearly the progress of the Italian's power in English literature. In some respects the editor has focussed the light on some interesting literary problems. The relations between Gray and Cary, on the one hand, and Lamb and Cary on the other, are set forth most suggestively. Cary, by the way, is becoming more and more an important figure in our poetry. This fact is due in part to the time in which he wrote and in part to the fact that he has written what Professor Grandgent, in his interesting introduction to his lately published Inferno, calls, of the numerous English versions, "the easiest to read." Dr. Toynbee writes: "Cary once and for all made Dante an English possession, and in so doing won for Dante, as well as for himself, a permanent place in English literature." Dr. Toynbee also has valuable comments upon the work of expatriated Italians in England, such as Baretti and Fuseli, who, long before the time of the Rosettis, helped to spread Italian influence upon English poetry and prose and to extend the knowledge of Dante. Notable, too, are the comments of the editor upon Coleridge's lecture upon Dante, and the impetus it gave not only to the sales of Cary's version, but to the study of the poet in England.

Although Dr. Toynbee's work will naturally appeal more to the scholar and the student, many parts of it will not fail to arouse the interest of the general reader. It is no unlively literary adventure to wander through its pages and to see the quaint comments made upon Dante and Italian literature in the various centuries. Nor are all the early comments merely curious. Was Milton, for example, responsible for the interpretation of the Divine Comedy that led his nephew, Edward Phillips, to speak of it as the Paradise to which are added the Purgatory and the Inferno? What must have been the conflicts of emotion in Thomas Warton which led him to speak of Dante's "Gothic and extravagant innovations," and yet to allow that his "grossest improprieties discover an originality of invention, and that his absurdities often border on sublimity"? It is odd to read of Miss Anna Seward's attempts to recommend Dante to Scott, and of his answer that the plan of the Divine Comedy appeared to him unhappy, and that the personal malignity and the strange mode of revenge were presumptuous and uninteresting. Then there is the anecdote of Norton Nicholls, a freshman at Cambridge, drinking tea with Gray and winning that poet's encouraging affability by quoting a verse from Dante. And there are the curious judgments of Landor who at one time called

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the Inferno, "the most immoral and impious book that ever was written," and who also pronounced thirty lines of the Ugolino episode to be "unequalled by any other continuous thirty lines in the whole dominions of poetry." Not many would be likely to think of Fanny Kemble as a life-long admirer of Dante; nor to remember that Arthur Hallam rendered into verse most of the sonnets of the "Vita Nuova." Gladstone wrote that Hallam often complained that "Dante was not properly appreciated even by his admirers, who dwell only on his glowing power and sublimity, without adverting to the peculiar sweetness and tenderness which characterize, as he thought, so much of his poetry."

Many such criticisms may be found in Dr. Toynbee's work; and we advise the general reader to go exploring for himself. He must have read little, indeed, of English literature if he will not here find something to his purpose. And if he is also a lover of Dante, he will be glad to pay tribute again to the industry, zeal, and breadth of scholarship of Dr. Toynbee.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Certain Rich Man. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Here is a full-bodied novel of the Middle West written in the generous, leisurely, ruminative style of the early Victorians. It is obvious that the author has listened with interest to the yearning prophecies of *The* American Novel, and that he has attempted to end them by fulfilling them. Considering the magnitude of his undertaking, his success has been remarkable. He has set forth from boyhood to death the career of John Barclay, a representative American multi-millionaire and captain of industry. In portraying the life of Barclay he has written the history of the growth of a typical Kansas city during a period of fifty years. The actual field of the fiction may appear at first thought somewhat provincial; but Mr. White has shown a surprising power of relating his Sycamore Ridge to the national past, present, and future, and of making it mirror in some sort the developing character of the entire country.

The curtain rises on a struggling frontier town shortly before the beginning of the civil war. The conflict calls every competent pioneer into the ranks. The recruits from Sycamore Ridge are a faithfully composite lot—a tuneful Scotch harness-maker, a German, a sharp-tongued Irishman, a magniloquent Southerner, a passionate young abolitionist from New England, a quondam horsethief, and, as runaways caught by the tide of patriotism, barefoot, eleven-year-old Johnnie Barclay and his chum. No one knows better than Mr. White what real boys say and do in every conceivable circumstance, and the first half-dozen chapters of his book dealing with the early years of his hero are, though splashed with blood, purely delightful. After the war the patriots, never utterly losing the vestiges of their soldierly consecration, fade away into matrimony, law, real-estate, wheat-raising, and railroading. Johnnie Barclay, at first a dreamy, imaginative youth fond of Emerson and music, develops shrewdness, acquires hardness, exhibits a bent for trading, gets the loose ends of local business into his hands, and, finally, stride by stride upon the necks of his fellow townsmen, emerges into the great financial world.

Though the material which has been crammed into this novel is enormous, it is not without a certain large unity. The hero of the story is indeed rather Sycamore Ridge making itself a city out of the barbarous West, rather the gradually awakening conscience of the nation, troubled by magnificent crimes unregarded by the law, than John Barclay piling up his unscrupulous millions. And yet the character of the self-made Crœsus, his manners, his morals, his might, are seen to be implicated coarsely or subtly in the destinies of all whom he touches, in the inmost fibres, in fact, of his town, of his State, of the whole commonwealth. Nevertheless, the reader feels a loosening grip, a scattering of the interest in the latter part of the narrative. It was manifestly a difficult novel to terminate. Toward the end, the courts indict the rich man—the flavor here becomes strongly contemporaneous—but he slips through their fingers. Mr. White, feeling that this will never do, yet uninstructed by example, subjects Mr. Barclay to a kind of Christian conversion or change of heart, under the influence of which he buys up all the stock in his Trust, burns his certificates, and dies in the performance of an insignificant act of self-sacrifice. Aside from this over-moralized conclusion, there is small complaint to make on the score of realism. The aim of Mr. White, however, is far removed from the strident veracity of the alarmist and muckraker. He tells the truth unwinkingly, but with the reassuring poise and geniality of those who in the most dubious times believe in a slowly-bettering world.

Norah Conough. By Walter George Henderson. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

The map of British colonial fiction is being steadily filled in. Remote back districts are dotted with the red of romance, and every port hath its minor Kipling. To an American the interesting thing about all this mass of story-telling is its solidarity, its wonderful, if familiar, coherence. We hear much of the growing independence of the colonies, of their radical innovations upon the insular way of doing things, of their laudable similarity to ourselves. The fact remains of their mutual bond; and the visible sign of it—an obstinate fidelity to the home code of social formalities—is as striking as ever. Socially, it seems, every Colonial remains an exiled Englander. The rude conditions of military or pioneer service, the exotic scene, merely afford a quaint setting for the familiar action. Norah Conough is the dear girl of English story transferred, but not translated, to the comparatively fresh literary soil of New South Wales. She and Donald Southerden, whose name sufficiently defines him, have neighboring "selections" in a half-settled bullock-country. There is a new local technology for us to puzzle over, and a back scene in which cattle-fences, creeks, and gum-trees take the place of the English hedges, lanes, and parks, in which most of the action might as well have taken place. Theresa, the inn-keeper's daughter, and her rough champion are the figures which give the pleasant story such distinctiveness as it can lay claim to.

Brothers All. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This collection of short stories by "Maarten Maartens" differs little from its predecessors—unless, perhaps, as it makes smaller display of his versatility, and over-represents a type of humorous tale in which he does not excel. A Dutchman who is influenced by diverse French and English models, and who writes in English chiefly upon Dutch themes, labors under evident disadvantages. This writer has always shown a good deal of cleverness, especially in his stories after the French manner. It is as well for him, probably, that he has not chosen French as his medium: there, we suspect, what has seemed Gallic finesse would prove to be mere Teutonic adroitness. Comparatively few of his stories seem to have come into being through any other method than deliberate manufacture. Admiration of his processes, of the skill with which he shapes his product to conform to the given model, and achieves the desired finish, is, after all, a doubtful tribute. He is never so little successful as in his studies in the comic vein. Dutch peasant life offers plenty of material in this kind, but he is unable to make use of it; he cannot create an Ichabod Crane or a Mrs. Poyser. Half-a-dozen of the present stories are mere bits of facetiousness. The story-teller is at his best in those simpler and soberer sketches of Dutch character and manners which constitute his real gift to the literature of the day. "The Death-Way," and "The Promise," with their grimly tender insight and sympathy, represent a sincere and fruitful native humor. Even in these tales—

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though less noticeably than elsewhere—the effect is confused somewhat by the writer's attempt to translate the speech of the Dutch peasant or burgher into English vernacular terms. When a dying man says, "Something's gone in my innards: I've a-felt it going. The farm's very small and poor, but I done my best," we find it hard to realize that a farmer of Holland is supposed to be the speaker. He seems merely to be using bad English of no particular habitat.

Gambolling with Galatea. By Curtis Dunham. With illustrations by Oliver Herford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

It would be interesting to know what Mr. Herford, to whom has fallen the task of bepicturing this extravaganza, really thinks of its quality. Mr. Herford's own sense of humor, though not always the extreme of fastidiousness, is lively and discriminating. Did this "bucolic romance" really seem to him entertaining, or did he simply make the best of it, choose a passage here and there which seemed to invite a fantastic pencil, and forget the whole affair as quickly as possible? The tale belongs roughly to the Bangs school. The heroine is named Galatea, and one of the other persons is a pig, who exquisitely becomes Pig-malion for a whole chapter, and has his portrait taken in Galatea's lingerie hat. This may be taken as a fair sample of the sprightly episodes which make up the narrative. The tediousness of the performance is aggravated by the "literary" affectation of its style.

THE FAITH OF ISLAM.

The Religious Attitude and Life in Islam [Haskell Lectures]. By Duncan Black Macdonald. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.75 net.

In a former volume, on "Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory," Professor Macdonald has discussed Moslem theological dogma, including such points as the being and attributes of deity, human freedom, and the question whether the Koran was created or uncreated; in the present volume, he describes the ideas of the Moslems respecting intercourse with the unseen world—as his thesis, he takes Professor William James's definition of religion, that it is the belief in an unseen order. In the life of the Moslem [Macdonald says the "Oriental," but the term is too broad], with his lack of the sense of law, the unseen plays a great part; our author's object is to describe the methods by which relations with the supernatural are maintained through prophets, diviners, magic, jinn, dreams, and saints. In all these cases there is divine revelation. Prophets, Hebrew and Arabian, spoke by compulsion from without, and commonly their utterances were in poetical form. In connection with this fact there is a question of some interest. Macdonald, here following Goldziher, observes that there is no distinctive word in Hebrew for "poet," and the common Arabic word for "poet" means "he who knows"; there is also a Hebrew term for "diviner" with the same meaning. Goldziher concludes that for the Arabs poetry was magical utterance, and the poet in part a magician and soothsayer. It is doubtful, however, whether this is the proper statement of the Old-Semitic conception of the relation between poetry and magic. The authors of the great pre-Mohammedan Arabian poems speak out of their own minds, with no hint of supernatural influence, and there is no trace of the relation in question in the Babylonian and Hebrew literatures. The better statement would seem to be that, according to Semitic ideas, all remarkable deeds and utterances came through supernatural influence; seers, soothsayers, and prophets spoke under a divine seizure, and as their words, by a natural human instinct, fell into rhythmical form, this form came to be associated with soothsayers who, in old times, were the principal speakers of the community, and in Arabic the "knower" came to be the term for poet. Poetry was the natural form of speech of the inspired man; it was not that the poet was a soothsayer, but that the soothsayer was a poet.

This, however, is an incidental point so far as regards the main object of Professor Macdonald's volume. He has collected a large mass of material illustrating Moslem opinions concerning the messages brought to men from the other world in sleep and by jinn. For a full history of the jinn our data are regrettably meagre
ertson Smith's definition of them as "gods without worshippers" hardly does justice to the known facts; they are the spirits of early times, good and bad. Even in Mohammed's day there were believing jinn, and later these came to play a great rôle; they formed marriage alliances with human beings, and became the teachers and the pupils of saints. As for the Moslem belief in dreams, it was and is substantially the same as that which has been and is now not uncommon in the Christian world.

An excellent feature of this volume is the exposition it gives of the Moslem philosophical explanations of the phenomena of prophecy and dreams; particularly Ibn Khaldun is cited at great length. This philosopher, it is true, is unique in the Moslem world—almost modern, as Macdonald says, in the scientific character of his thought; he was late (*ca.* 1400 A. D.), and he was much influenced by Greek philosophy. Still we may suppose that he represents advanced Moslem opinion to a certain extent, and, in any case, his views have interest for modern psychologists. His point is that the soul is potentially a spiritual essence, ordinarily restrained by the body, through which it works; but it is possible that it may become free from the trammels of the bodily senses, in which case it will attain to the apprehension of reality and to the vision of the future. Such an emancipation may take place in sleep, when the eyes of the rational soul are open. In idiots and insane persons also the ordinary capacities of the mind are obscured or effaced, and the soul is in fit condition to enter into relation with the spiritual powers of the world. Men differ in their aptitude for spiritual illumination; the most gifted persons in this regard are prophets, to whom the essence of truth and the secrets of the future are revealed by God. Various other classes of persons are discussed by Ibn Khaldun, such as astrologers, wizards, diviners, and his system embraces practically all occult phenomena. Comparisons with the methods of Christian science and the phenomena of hypnotism naturally suggest themselves, and are made by Macdonald; can Mohammed's experience have been a case of auto-hypnotism?

The ascetic life, with its mystical experiences, has been developed to an extraordinary extent by the Moslems, and Professor Macdonald devotes much space to the famous mystic Al-Ghazzali, quoting largely from his works, especially from his remarkable autobiography (*ca.* 1100 A. D.). Al-Ghazzali, in his search for certainty, had fallen into complete skepticism. He found that his senses deceived him, and concluded that his reason was no more trustworthy than they. From this disease God healed him by a light cast into his breast, and he proceeded to examine the systems of the scholastic theologians, the allegorists, the philosophers and the sufis. It was only in the last of these that he found satisfaction, and, after passing through a variety of experiences, he withdrew wholly from the world and gave himself up to meditation. At last he found peace by excluding all earthly things and immersing himself in the thought of God. Reasoning and speculation he cast away, and sought to be conscious of nothing but God. The man's seriousness and modesty make him an attractive figure, and he became a force in and beyond Islam.

We are indebted to Professor Macdonald for a valuable exposition of one phase of Moslem thought, and we would suggest that the value of his work would be increased by distinguishing between the three sections of Islam, the Semitic, the Aryan, and the Berber. It is only the Aryan that has developed mysticism.

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Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate, of Rosehaugh: His Life and Times. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.20 net.

The names usually associated with the royalist side of the dramatic struggle of Restoration times in Scotland are those of Monmouth, Lauderdale, Claverhouse, and Sharp, soldiers, statesmen, or churchmen. The name of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, who as King's Advocate from 1677 to 1686, and again in 1688-9, had principal charge of the government prosecutions, scarcely appears at all in the ordinary books, and, when it does, is almost invariably coupled with the invidious epithet "The Bloody." Sir Walter Scott, who did more to mould the popular conception of Scottish history than any other writer, mentions him several times in the Waverley Novels, almost invariably in terms of disparagement; the Dictionary of National Biography, "the modern Book of Doom," as Mr. Lang calls it, declares that the "one redeeming feature" of Mackenzie was his love of literature; so strong, indeed, is the prevailing tendency to attribute to him every single legal iniquity of the age in which he lived, that so eminent an historian as P. Hume Brown has been led into the grave error of assigning to him the rôle of government prosecutor of the rebels of the Pentland Rising, in 1666, and of intimating that he was responsible for the detestable torturing of Hugh Mackail, whereas in reality he was counsel for the defence, and did all in his power, at that stage of his career, to mitigate the severity of the punishment of the Covenanters. A truer picture of the great King's Advocate was given by John Willcock, whose life of the Earl of Argyll appeared in 1907, and who there lamented the fact that, though several zealous attempts had been made to represent the ruthless Claverhouse as a hero, Sir George Mackenzie still lacked a defender. Possibly it may have been at Mr. Willcock's suggestion that Mr. Lang took up the task. Whatever the cause of its inception, his book is, like all his other works, deeply interesting; it adds much to our knowledge of the life of its subject, and it presents him in a far more favorable light than ever before.

The importance of Mackenzie's career as King's Advocate has caused many writers to forget that during the greater part of his life he was a friend and defender of the Covenanters. His prosecution of the Earl of Argyll in 1685 has overshadowed the fact that he won his first great legal reputation by his brilliant, though unsuccessful, defence of that Earl's father in 1661. The key to his whole career is to be found in the reasons that impelled him to change sides, and accept the post of King's Advocate in 1677. Briefly stated, if we omit his personal hatred of Lockhart, those reasons may be described as a firm conviction that the maintenance of order by persecution was preferable to anarchy and civil war. "Resistance in the name of civil and religious liberty was now going 'beyond his first inclination,' and he sided with the government, as a Radical, in face of Socialism, may become a Tory." From that time onward his main tenet was that personal belief should be suppressed or dissembled at the bidding of authority, and that the state was at liberty to compel outward conformity to certain things, not because they were true, but because they had been commanded. Thus the man whose *bon naturel* shrank from harsh measures allowed himself to be converted into a persecutor.

Such is Mr. Lang's argument; and there is certainly much to be said for his side of the case. Whatever the final verdict of history about Mackenzie may be, it is clear that he deserves to be far better known than he has hitherto been. He is an infinitely more interesting person than Lauderdale; in some respects he is abreast of his more showy contemporary, Claverhouse. As a lawyer he was in the very first rank; as a writer of prose and poetry, prolific and able. A rather melancholy interest attaches to his final withdrawal, on the arrival of "Dutch William" and a régime in which he preferred to find no place, for study and seclusion to Oxford, "that dear city of youth and dream"; and the picture stands out the sharper by contrast with the dramatic ending of Dundee's career at the pass of Killiecrankie.

Social Organization: A Study of the Larger Mind. By Charles Horton Cooley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This is a notable book, full of discriminating insight and freighted with well-canvassed and hopeful forecasts for democracy. The title sounds a bit mystifying, and might with advantage be replaced by the less ambiguous phrase—a study of public opinion. For by "social organization" Mr. Cooley means essentially this: an analysis of public opinion; its genesis, nature, and functions, not only in the fleeting present, but in its more durable manifestations, such as its dominant ideals, its stratification in social classes, its methods of intercommunication, its institutions, and its corporate activities. The book goes far to reconcile one to the claim that there is a special sociological point of view, if one so chooses to call the attempt to scan society in its *tout ensemble* rather than from the narrower special standpoint of narrative history, economics, or politics. Except that he limits his analysis to material psychological in essence, to the conscious though purely provisional exclusion of the physical environment, his book is what an Aristotelian would call politics. It is much as though Mr. Bryce had written a work on the American Common-Mind, rather than on the American Commonwealth. It exemplifies also a refreshing absence of the hysteria with which the professional worshippers of the sociological Baal leap upon the altar and cry aloud and cut themselves after their manner, though they succeed in evoking "no voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regardeth."

The single pertinent criticism to be passed on this work is what we deem its ill-founded assimilation of the social consciousness to what we know as self-consciousness. The truth or falsity of this identification in nowise impairs the ripe wisdom that everywhere illuminates the discussion of concrete phases of public opinion. But the notion itself is so little substantiated that its discrediting is worth while. "Mind," says Mr. Cooley at the outset (p. 3), "is an organic whole made up of coöperating individualities in somewhat the same way that the music of an orchestra is made up of divergent but related sounds." "Self and society are twin-born . . . and the notion of a separate and independent ego is an illusion" (p. 5). "I am aware of the social group in which I live as immediately and authentically as I am aware of myself" (p 9) The "coöperative activity" of individuals "gives us public consciousness, or, to use a more familiar term, public opinion, in the broad sense of a group state of mind which is more or less distinctly aware of itself" (p. 10).

At the peril of aligning ourselves with the benighted followers of common-sense, we feel disposed to deny these assertions *in toto*. Making every allowance for the way one mind is colored by its contact with another, as well as for the comparatively late emergence in child psychology of the "I-concept," the idea that even the most extreme mutual sympathy creates a corporate consciousness like in kind to individual self-consciousness can only be set down as an illusion. The golden thread of persisting self-identity which threads the beads of individual psychical experiences must be absent on the larger social scale. Dissent to Mr. Cooley's view from a slightly different angle is admirably put by Henry Rutgers Marshall in his "Instinct and Reason," where he first shows how the alleged social organism, if it exists at all, is akin to the lowest cell-complexes which are aggregated together instead of integrated. He then pertinently concludes that it is improper to speak of "the opinions of aggregates of men" . . . as a "social consciousness" . . . "for the conception of a social consciousness implies that the thoughts of men as they are related to the whole pulse of the social consciousness, must correspond in the main with

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particular psychic elements in us, as these are related to the whole purse of our own conscious life" ("Instinct and Reason," p. 189).

As remarked above, the cardinal error does not infect the substance of the analysis which follows. This analysis is wholly admirable. It is as though Lincoln, with his range of insight and experience, had superadded the culture of the schools, and were calmly pointing out in his exposé of public opinion the moral legitimacy of democracy. Illustrative of the originality of the author is his calm reargument and rebuttal of the hasty conclusion that group opinion is commonly below the average of intelligence in the group (p. 123 *sq*). Typical of his ripeness and sanity in matters of practical concern is his adverse verdict upon the general efficacy of "the referendum and similar devices for increased participation of the people at large in the details of legislation" (p. 129). Rare discrimination is shown, for example, in the subtle inquiry whether democracy is hostile to distinction in production, in art or literature (p. 157 *sq*.). The conclusion reached distinguishes between the forces of a transitional era and the influence of democracy proper. The former are adjudged hostile to distinction, but not the latter. But chiefly of value is the sustained tone of calm, reasoned, but exacting morality which breathes in every page. Not for nothing has Professor Cooley perused his Emerson. The Emersonian reach and wit and aphorism are very much in evidence. Like Emerson, too, he has garnered his fruit, leaving no pickings for the would-be follower. They will find no forgotten apples to appropriate as their own under Professor Cooley's well-beaten tree of knowledge.

We Two in West Africa. By Decima Moore and Major F. G. Guggisberg, C.M.G., R.E. With numerous illustrations and maps. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

This is the clever story, told by his wife, of the "going on tour" of the Director of Surveys of the Gold Coast, as the journeys are called which the head of every department makes periodically to see how his staff, scattered through the colony, are carrying on their work, and to keep himself in touch with local conditions and requirements in the various districts. The book is thus not simply an account of experiences in the West African "bush," but describes the methods by which the native is ruled, and the natural wealth of his land is developed through railways, mines, botanical gardens, and agricultural stations established to teach especially the intelligent cultivation of cocoa and rubber.

The first part of the journey was by rail to the gold district, and much space is devoted to the mining industry, whose ultimate success, it appears, depends mainly on the cheapening of transport by the creation of motor roads and railways. Then followed a trip by hammock into Ashanti, in order to determine the boundary between that country and the Gold Coast. Here they were carried into regions never before visited by a white woman. Some of the refinements of civilization, however, had preceded them. In a remote wild corner of the forest they came suddenly upon the chief of a town with his state umbrellas surrounded by a swarm of natives in gay-colored cloths and a half-naked band, consisting of a large drum, two kettledrums, and several fifes. This "struck up 'God Save the King' as we appeared," and at its close the chief and his retinue "started for the town, followed by the band, playing 'Way Down upon de Swanee Ribber,' the drummer beating the big drum for all he was worth, and the conductor wildly waving his wee bit of stick." The news of the coming of a white man and a white "mammie," we may add, had been drummed by bush telegraph the day they set out from Kumasi to every village along the road a hundred miles before them. Occasionally they stopped at the stations of the district officers, and the life of these often "solitary pale-faced, fever-stricken" Englishmen, and the patient discharge of their duties as shown in the long-winded "palavers" on tribal boundaries, give one a high impression of these men whose single aim is to improve the condition of the native.

The larger part of the book is naturally devoted to an account of various experiences while travelling, and many trivial details, especially of camp-life, are recorded, which make it at times somewhat wearisome reading. For the information which it gives, however, it is a valuable contribution to the literature of the Gold Coast. The illustrations, 148 in number, are reproductions of photographs of nearly every noteworthy scene and incident of the journey.

Haremlik. By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

People who see in the position of Turkish women a subject for amazement or regret will find "Haremlik" disappointing or pleasing, as the case may be. The life of the women of the harem as portrayed by Demetra Vaka is neither an unhappy nor a subservient one. Our writer is of Greek descent, born and educated at Constantinople, and married to an American. She should be qualified to interpret the East to the West. To her, then, life in the harem passes in an atmosphere of sunshine and felicity. It is true that Turkish women suffer at times, but that would seem to be only when they are affected by our perverse Western ideas on monogamy. Such instances are, however, rare. As a rule Turkish women scoff at the idea that one wife is quite enough for a man. Sometimes they even take it upon themselves to find an additional wife or two for their husbands. On such occasions, as may be imagined, they display foresight as well as zeal. The new wife, as a rule, brings with her some missing element of happiness. Her presence also serves to intensify the spirit of idealism and self-sacrifice in her predecessors.

In spite, therefore, of her long acquaintance with American civilization, Demetra Vaka maintains that the premature adoption of Western ideas by the people of Turkey in general, and the women in particular, would bring about their destruction. From this standpoint our writer passes in review a number of incidents in Turkish domestic life which carry a certain Eastern tone, but are skilfully colored to suit the taste of romantic American readers. She cannot sufficiently praise the beauty, devotion, and integrity of the true Turkish woman, and she has little sympathy for the revolutionists among them, who find in Schopenhauer, Kant, and suffragette ideals merely unhappiness. A secret meeting of these radicals of the harem is described with something of the abandon of the American reporter. In spite of assurances at the beginning of the book that everything in it is practically true, we find it somewhat difficult to believe that the chairman's address at the meeting in question "ended up with the proposition that six members of the club should be chosen to kill themselves as a protest against the existing order of things." When the president is made to suggest that she, by virtue of her office, should be excluded from participation in the lot-drawing, we are pretty near to burlesque. The women of the harem who, as we know now, played an important rôle in the overthrow of the Hamidian régime, must surely have had more sense than that.

Science.

"The Balance of Nature and Modern Conditions of Cultivation," by George Abbey (E. P. Dutton & Co.), despite the reticence of its title, deals with Great Britain alone. The bulk of the book is thus of value chiefly to Englishmen; but the introduction is of more general interest, being a history of the rise of sporting, fishing, forestry, gardening, and farming in England from the earliest recorded period to the present. The sub-title, "A Practical Manual of Animal Foes and Friends for the Country Gentleman, the Farmer, the Forester, the Gardener, and the Sportsman," defines the specific purpose of the work, which is to

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discuss the wild and semi-wild vertebrates —mammals, birds, reptiles, and amphibians —found in the British Islands, in regard to their beneficial, neutral, or harmful relation to the cultivation of crops. Mr. Abbey treats fully of "aids" and "hindrances"; or, respectively, methods of protecting beneficial species, and of trapping or otherwise exterminating harmful creatures. One is rather skeptical of the science of an author who boasts of obligation only to "Wood's Natural History" and to two contemporaneous treatises of equal value. But Mr. Abbey shows himself a close observer, and in food habits at least makes a real contribution to our knowledge of the British fauna. The illustrations are numerous, but are mostly amateurish pen-and-ink attempts, which are almost unrecognizable and might well have graced some volume of a century ago. In a well-bound and well-printed book of 1909 they are merely laughable. The same artist has depicted numerous traps and methods of trapping, and these, considered diagramatically, convey valuable hints, which may be adopted to advantage by farmers in this country. The author is moderate in his statements, but a book such as this should be used with discretion, as a bird or animal may be harmful in one country and beneficial in another; while again its destructive or beneficent qualities may vary with the seasons.

As "Epoch-Making Contributions to Medicine, Surgery, and the Allied Sciences" (W. B. Saunders Co.), Dr. C. N. B. Camac has brought together fundamental articles, now become medical classics, by seven noted authors: Lister, Harvey, Auenbrugger, Laënnec, Jenner, Morton, and Holmes. The object of the book is to give to students "the article which communicated such observations as first placed the subject upon a sound scientific basis." For each author there is a portrait and a list of his writings, and for each, with the exception of Lister, a short biography. To the articles on ether Simpson's pamphlet on chloroform is added. The controversy between Morton, Wells, and Jackson, concerning the discovery of anæsthesia is treated rather briefly, and Dr. Camac unhesitatingly awards the honor to Morton. The existence of other claims is not mentioned. The book is handsomely and, barring a few slight typographical errors in the bibliography, excellently printed, and should keenly interest those medical students—*raræ avcs*—who can be induced to read anything outside the required textbooks.

Under the title "Bacterial Food Poisoning" (E. B. Treat & Co.), Dr. C. F. Bolduan gives the reader an annotated version of a little book which Dieudonné of Munich published something more than a year ago. In a hundred pages of text are given the essentials of our present knowledge of poisoning by meat, fish, milk in its various preparations, potatoes, and a few other foodstuffs. It is interesting to see how completely the point of view regarding this question has changed. Not many years ago it seemed as though the ptomaines of Brieger and the tyrotoxicon of Vaughan furnished the solution of these poison problems, and that most, if not all, of the disturbances attributable to foods would be found to be caused by specific substances of this kind. Later researches, often of great difficulty, seem to show, however, that such substances are far less important than certain bacteria, developed in foods that for some reason have gone "wrong," or than the toxic substances they produce, quite different from the ptomaines. Although often too technical and brief for a full understanding of the question, the book is profitable reading for any intelligent layman. The translation is smooth, but there is a slight confusion in the nomenclature of the organisms and the linguistic difficulty, now common to bacteriologists, balloonists, and aviators, concerning the derivatives of *aër* presents itself on many pages.

"Die natürlichen Pflanzenfamilien nebst ihren Gattungen und wichtigern Arten, insbesondere den Nutzpflanzen," edited by Prof. Adolf Engler of Berlin (Leipzig: H. Engelmann), deserves mention as the most complete botanical work ever published. The first volume appeared in 1887, and the nineteenth and concluding volume has just been issued. More than sixty botanists have contributed to it, and the results of their exact and exhaustive researches cannot fail to be gratifying and stimulating to all specialists in this department of natural science.

The Kosmos, Stuttgart, continues to add to its list of valuable monographs in natural science. The latest volume is by Prof. K. Sajó, "Unsere Honigbiene," and deals with the culture of bees in Germany and Switzerland.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson died in Chicago, August 14, after a three years' illness. Dr. Stevenson was interested in many charitable institutions and was the founder of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, and one of the promoters of the Home for Incurables. She was the first woman appointed instructor in the Northwestern Medical College, and also was the first woman admitted to membership in the American Medical Association. She was born in Ogle County, Illinois, in 1843, and graduated from the Woman's Medical College in 1873. She was the author of a work on biology and various medical papers.

Drama.

Plays. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

Those who have felt the irritation of Mr. Galsworthy's subtly interrogative novels will know what to expect from the three plays included in this volume, "The Silver Box," "Joy," and "Strife." The remorseless preying of vital egotism upon dress-parade principles, or, to state it more broadly, the seemingly hopeless conflict of ideal justice with natural instincts—this is the underlying theme. In the "Silver Box" a member of Parliament sacrifices a poor man to save the reputation of his son—justice against the paternal instinct; in "Joy" a mother sacrifices to some extent her uncle and even her own daughter to save her lover—justice against the amatory instinct; in "Strife" the two noncompromising and principled representatives of capital and labor are sacrificed to save their women and children—justice against the instinct of self-preservation. In the end we are all left darkling, troubled, as by twinkling lights extinguished in a great mist. Roberts, the labor-leader in the last-named play—by far the most effective of the three—thinks he knows the way out. When his famine-stricken fellows cry, "Give in to Nature," he retorts with rude eloquence, "I tell you, strike your blow in Nature's face—an' let it do its worst!" But Nature strikes back, and Roberts falls. To Mr. Galsworthy there is a bitter reality in the trite phrase, the "problems of life." As yet he has been able to do little but indicate them; indicate them he does with painful pungency and iteration. His plays, consequently, have, like his novels, the interest of difficulties seriously confronted, vividly experienced.

It has been said that the drama of the future will concern itself with the clash, not of characters, but of classes, and Mr. Galsworthy is emphatically a writer of the future, cautiously feeling his way into that vaguely defined and still more vaguely understood socialistic movement which may conceivably characterize the twentieth century as the democratic movement characterized the nineteenth. If such be the case, the future of the drama as a living literary form is dark. But the antithesis of class conflict and character conflict has been too sharply put; there is no necessary incompatibility between them. In fact, Shakespeare's "Coriolanus"—a tragedy, by the way, much underread and underestimated—already demonstrates the possibility of representing the most bitter class conflict in the most tremendous character conflict. Now, the effect of Mr. Galsworthy's plays, in spite of their undeniable vitality, is very far from tremendous. His deficiencies are partly corrigible. He ought not, for example, to waste his energies in imitating the vivacities of Mr. G. B. Shaw, as he has done in the rather futile comedy called "Joy," of which, furthermore, the exposition is very awkward. He ought not to confuse a situation with a plot, which he seems almost to have done in "Strife." He ought to avail himself very gingerly of Ibsenese symbolism. But, above all, he ought to recognize that great drama requires great characters. The modern dramatist, in spite of modern experiments, may still be urged prayerfully to meditate Aristotle's observations upon the character of the tragic hero, and to remember the practice of the Elizabethans. Mr. Galsworthy's leading *dramatis personæ* are not so much feeble in characterization as in character—which is to be deplored because he is possessed of the seriousness, the idealism, and the irony which go to the creation of tragedy.

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A new edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare," now issued by the Macmillan Co., shows thoroughgoing revision. It is not so much that entirely new pages have been added, as that by providing throughout the book details of evidence, what was general has been made specific. The sum total of changes is not more than sixteen pages, but again and again these alterations have compelled a change in pagination. To the list of illustrations has been added a copy of the contemporary inscription in Jaggard's presentation copy of the first folio. In general, this new edition seems an improvement upon the old in its care to bring out the evidence, however persuasive a theory in itself may be. This is clearly a revision which replaces the earlier edition, not an unimportant reissue. It is, however, disappointing that Mr. Lee has not so edited the note on page 40 as to include references to the interesting discussions of the Elizabethan stage by Brodmeier, Wegener, Reynolds, Albright, and Archer. Why, too, in the note on page 43 is Creizenach's "Die Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten" omitted?

Art.

GENTILE DA FABRIANO.*

Lafcadio Hearn tells us that a Japanese *daimio* had the right to hew down summarily "an other than expected fellow"—that is, one who accosted him brusquely or in terms not sanctioned by an immemorial etiquette. Towards the artist the public has always assumed this lordly prerogative. The other than expected fellow, whether he calls himself Uccello or Millet, Caravaggio or Whistler, has invariably had his period of faring ill. All triumphant and wise artists have had the grace of concealing their unexpectedness. Raphael came down from Urbino and in a short lifetime revolutionized the graphic design of the world. But he always had the gracious air of a conformist, and, in fact, each work made so little break with the past, and so ingratiatingly prepared the way for the next departure, that men were admiring the School of Athens before they had ceased to adore the fugleman of Perugino.

A hundred years before Raphael, a young painter from the same March of Ancona carried his broadening art from his native hills through the proudest cities of Italy—Venice, Florence, and Siena, to Rome itself. Gentile da Fabriano, like his greater antitype, made the most of a pretty scanty education, drank from many cups, everywhere won for himself friends, honors, and gold, and left a deep if not a permanent impress upon his generation. Every work of his shows a passion for perfection, guided by a prudent sense of means and possibilities. We mark in him a fine economy of workmanship, an elaborate yet not merely cumulative beauty, which betokens serenity both in conceiving the vision and in transferring it to panel or plaster. In short, Gentile da Fabriano came about as near being a Raphael as anybody could who was born to share the bankruptcy of Gothic painting.

Unhappily, time has shorn Gentile of the chief evidences of his power and versatility. We cherish him for a few altar-pieces of exquisite feeling and workmanship, giving him a place in our affections with Lorenzo Monaco or the Sienese Sassetta. His contemporaries held a higher opinion of him. In the Ducal Palace of Venice might be seen until the fire of 1577 Gentile's frescoes in the Hall of the Great Council. The very subjects are amazing for a painter whose work, according to Michelangelo, was "as gentle as his name." In one panel the young Fabrianoese (his latest biographer sets these works as early as 1410) depicted the naval battle in which the Venetians conquered Otto III, the son of Barbarossa. On this work we fortunately have the opinion of a critic of the high renaissance, Francesco Sansovino, who praises the entanglement of the galleys and the fury of the combatants—precisely those qualities of energy in which Gentile seems deficient. Of the companion-piece which represented a storm, the chronicler Facio writes that "the sight of the whirlwind uprooting trees, etc. [alas that etc.!] struck with fear those who beheld it." Of the chapel which Gentile painted in the ancient Broletto of Brescia we know not even the subject. But Facio tells us of the frescoes representing the life of John the Baptist painted in the Lateran, 1427, that Gentile, as if presaging his imminent death, here outdid himself. And, happily, Facio gives better testimony than his own as to the excellence of these works. Rogier de la Pasture, the greatest northern painter of his age, came to Rome in 1450. "Greatly taken with the Lateran frescoes, he inquired who the painter was, and, heaping him with praise, placed him before all other Italian painters." The incident suggests that affinity between Gentile's work and that of the north which must occupy us later. It proves more poignantly still the loss we have suffered in the destruction, save a not very important fragment at Orvieto, of all of Gentile's mural painting. And yet there remains the possibility that, as the great fresco by Guariento was found injured but still fine behind the Paradise of Tintoretto, in the Palace of the Doges, so Gentile's two frescoes painted for the same hall may some day be rediscovered behind the sixteenth-century canvases that have replaced them. Until that day we must judge and enjoy Gentile by what is presumably the least important part of his work. In trying to reconstruct imaginatively these lost masterpieces we may assume that they abounded in figures and action. In some fashion they may have resembled the vivacious narratives of the earlier Florentines, Agnolo Gaddi and Spinello Aretino. But we get a finer intuition of them by recalling that they forecast the monumental compositions of Gentile Bellini, and more remotely prelude both the delightful story-telling of Carpaccio, and such a romantic picture as the enigmatic St. Mark and the Demons which criticism ascribes now to Giorgione, now to Palma Vecchio.

We must turn back and try to imagine Gentile's beginnings. The date of his birth is unknown to us, but it cannot have been much earlier than 1480. Until his thirtieth year, roughly speaking, when he went to Venice, he painted in his native city. What could he have learned in the March of Ancona? A good deal, perhaps, but rather little that was consistent or helpful. If French realism was latent in the Carca, the ostensible influences were of quite another sort. The Gothic-Byzantine of Venice still prevailed widely, but Siena had conquered the towns. Everywhere one finds in the Marca panels which betray the teaching, or at least the authority, of the Lorenzetti and Simone Martini. From Assisi there had also been a transmission of Giottesque influence, but at Assisi, too, Simone Memmi and Pietro Lorenzetti loomed large, and on the whole the March of Ancona preferred to Giottesque austerity the dulcet Sienese mood. The best exemplar of these pervasive influences was Alegretto Nuzi, the true founder of the Fabriano

Gentile da Fabriano, by Arduino Colasanti (Bergamo: Instituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche), is a compact and scholarly monograph abounding in carefully sifted information, much of which is new, and adequate also on the critical side. Dr. Colasanti prints a document from the Lateran archives which definitely fixes the death of Gentile in the year 1428, confirming the general chronology of Vasari. The position of the lost frescoes in the Lateran has also been accurately ascertained. The polemical part of the study is largely devoted to the always dubious matter of an independent school of painting in the Adriatic Marches. Our author takes the affirmative view, and makes the most of a rather unsatisfactory case. Again in tracing the undoubtedly widespread influence of Gentile sometimes one questions whether what is called Gentilesque is not merely derivative from Siena from which he himself drew so much. But in general Dr. Colasanti will command a cautious reader's confidence. We take serious issue with him only for helping to fix upon the little Madonna with Sigismondo Malatesta, in the Louvre, the too ambitious attribution to Jacopo Bellini. Its obvious superficial affinities with Jacopo's work will hardly survive an æsthetic analysis of the picture itself. With all its charm, it has no characteristic to justify the ascription to any great master. Like all the Bergamo monographs, this book is fully illustrated with half-tones of good quality.

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school and Gentile's master. Those who are lucky enough to recall the Umbrian exhibition at Perugia will not need many words about Alegretto. There he shone in a peculiar blitheness. He is less mystic than his exemplar Simone, more frankly sentimental, and his coloring is hardly less exquisite. Uneven in invention and workmanship, a true provincial in his qualities and defects, he yet displays a peculiar inwardness in his best pictures. We should remember him gratefully, for without him we should hardly have that most delicious of late Gothic Madonnas, Gentile's little masterpiece in the museum at Pisa.

Gentile's earliest picture, the Coronation of the Virgin at the Brera, shows little of the eclectic character that was later to be prominent. It seems to go behind Alegretto to those Gothic painters who retained much of the Byzantine feeling. At the base of the central panel a segment of the crystalline sphere bends over the sun, the moon, and the stars, and here is proudly set "Gentilis de Fabriano Pinxit." Upon this arch kneel eight tiny angels playing musical instruments—a motive frequently found on Gothic-Byzantine organ shutters. On the expanse of gold above is incised a blazing aureole to receive the figures of Christ and his mother. They are seated upon clouds, the gold embroidered borders of their robes are whipped into calligraphic loops after the fashion of Siena and the late Byzantine painters. The head of the Virgin is bowed and her slender hands crossed in humility. The Christ reaches up from below and sets the crown gently in place with the suave gesture of a priest touching an infant's brow in baptism. His free hand rests lightly upon his knee and holds erect a tiny cross. The partly exposed lining of his mantle repeats the stellar pattern at the base of the composition. Above, the Father, vestured in a rich dalmatic, reaches his hands towards the divine heads in approval of the rite. In the irregular space between Christ and the Virgin hovers the white dove of the Holy Spirit, not displayed stiffly and heraldically, as is usually the case, but swinging across the space as if about to alight. While the picture is by no means deficient in emotional seriousness, it is chiefly remarkable for the beauty of its gold and tempera enamel, and for minor evasions of the underlying symmetry—artifices which give to this hackneyed theme a peculiar freshness and vivacity. More serious in some ways are the tiny figures of saints which are minor features of this altarpiece. Some stand radiantly "upon the softe swote gras"—a greensward half-hidden by growing flowers; others kneel in their wildernesses, like St. Francis at La Verna; others, like the Aquinate, sit contemplatively over a book in a monastic garden plot. These miniatures betray more clearly than the central panel the tenderness of Gentile's Sienese forerunners.

Yet it seems to me that when Venice called Gentile to paint in the Palace of the Doges she merely reclaimed her own. He inaugurated, as we have seen, her school of monumental decoration; he became the teacher of that pioneer of the renaissance, Jacopo Bellini. Gentile's too-little known Madonna in the Jarves Collection, New Haven, has a breadth of style that looks forward even beyond Jacopo to the triumphs of his greatest son, Giambellino. Venice made Gentile famous. Popes and tyrants began to compete for his brush. For Pandolfo Malatesta, at Brescia, he painted for more than four years. But the frescoes in the Broletto have long since disappeared, leaving no trace even of their subject. We know Cosimo Tura saw them in 1469, and presumably disapproved, for the stern Paduan manner then had the cry. In the autumn of 1420 Pope Martin V, already planning his triumphal return to St. Peter's throne, sojourned in the Brescian territory and invited Gentile to come with him to Rome. Nearly a year later a safe conduct for eight men and horses was issued to the painter, but both Pope and painter had to postpone the Roman visit for several years.

For Gentile at least the delay was golden. He proceeded to Florence, and there, among other works, completed an enthroned Madonna with Saints for the Quaratesi family; and for that prince of humanists, Palla Strozzi, the Adoration of the Magi, a picture beside which only Lorenzo Monaco's Coronation of the Virgin in the Uffizi holds its own as a perfect expression of late Gothic design. But before we pass to the Adoration, we perhaps do well to recall the Florence that Gentile saw with an artist's eye.

We must suppose he had the self-esteem without which one would hardly be an artist at all. He would soon have found that only Don Lorenzo Monaco, who was painting in the Trinità, and Masolino, who had begun the stupendous decorations of the Brancacci Chapel, were regarded as his peers. People perhaps talked of an eccentric young painter named Paolo Uccello, and of a youth of genius who served as assistant to the great Masolino. But Masaccio's day was yet to come. Fra Angelico was probably absent in Umbria; in any case, he had not yet asserted himself as a mural painter. In short, Gentile found himself almost without rivals of his own quality and bade fair to repeat at Florence his Venetian triumphs. No great decorative commission seems to have been given him. In fact, since he had put himself at the disposal of the Pope, he could hardly have accepted any prolonged task. But he found time to execute for Palla Strozzi that radiant Adoration of the Kings which, formerly in the Church of the Trinità, is now, a chief ornament of the Florence Academy. No one who has seen this picture forgets it, and for those who have not seen it, of what avail are many words? More than an Adoration of the Kings, it is a Triumph of Chivalry, so completely does knightly pageantry outweigh its charming religious sentiment. Lorenzo Monaco had already perceived this possibility of the subject. He was the first Florentine to draw out the escort of the Magi upon an oblong panel. Indeed, the Adoration, which he painted for the little Church of St. Lucy in the Ruins may have served as a model for Gentile. But the newcomer outdid his exemplar. Never had the courtly and spectacular features of the scene been so fully developed. Gentile has raised the horizon to the top of the picture, in order to have more space in which to deploy his cavalcades. Beside the reverent group of the Holy Family and the worshipping potentates, is a dense and jostling throng of arrested horses, grooms, knights, men-at-arms. A great hound crouches before the hurly-burly, above it and behind a falcon strikes a dove and two monkeys balance on the humps of a dromedary. Over a hedge and the grotto where the ox and ass munch peaceably, one looks to a high-lying distance divided into three scenes by as many arches of the rich frame. To the left, the Three Kings look over the sea towards the Star in the East. In the centre, their cavalcade, with prancing horses and hunting leopards on the cruppers, swings up a hill towards a city. To the right, the Magi enter the gate of Bethlehem. Above, in the crocketed pinnacles, are medallions with God the Father, the Virgin, and the Angel of the Annunciation. Below, in the base, the Nativity, and the Flight to Egypt, a night scene, and a dawn, in which the lights are effectively touched with gold. The third predella panel, the Presentation in the Temple, is represented only by a copy; the original, since Napoleonic times, has been in the Louvre. The Gothic side columns are treated as if they were of skeleton construction. From a dark background within the mouldings painted flowers spring as if planted within. The gilding and varied tempera enamel afford a gorgeous and yet harmonious effect. Diapered gold, lapis blue, crimson, these are the prevailing colors. In technical brilliancy, no panel of the century surpasses this radiant work of Gentile's.

The group of the Holy Family is draped after the traditional half-classic fashion, the remaining figures wear splendid costumes of the time, with minor Oriental features. This picture is the transition to the realistic *genre* manner of the Quattrocento in Florence. The step from it to those frescoes with state-

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ly citizens as witnesses of the ostensibly sacred theme is a short one. Now, this sense for pageantry and love of contemporary faces and costumes appear very early in French miniature painting. It has been suggested, in fact, that both Gentile and Masolino got their hint from such pictures as those of the Limbourg illuminators and Hubert van Eyck. All this is possible, and even plausible, but I think it is easy to exaggerate the importance of this northern influence. Pageantry was in the air of Florence. The religious spectacles, the jousts, the ceremonials of the guilds constituted a festal year affording every variety of processional display. On St. John's day this actual subject, the Adoration of the Magi, was occasionally given with great splendor. Machiavelli describes a performance of 1466 that was elaborate enough to occupy nearly the whole city for several months. In the Marches, the Adoration was given as early as 1380. In 1414, at Parma, we have a record which might be a description in brief of Gentile's picture painted eight years later. Now, this love of pageantry rarely found full vent in the religious painting of the time. Such a picture as this of Gentile's, such a Cortège as that which Benozzo Gozzoli some thirty years later spread on the walls of Cosimo de' Medici's private chapel, remain in a manner exceptional. It was the humble, usually nameless, painters of storied bride-chests (*cassoni*) who were the true recorders of this vanished Florence. To them all was permitted. Through them we see the wedding feasts, the jousts, the horse races, the triumphs. With them we may wander in gardens of love, or enjoy in the fantastic travesty of the dawning renaissance the old, sad stories of Virgil and Ovid. Truly inheritors of unfulfilled renown, for we rarely know even their names, these blithe craftsmen were the real illustrators of Florence in its heyday and on parade. Gentile and Masolino were the great predecessors of these little men, though Paolo Uccello was to be their chief exemplar. They represent the full flood of a tendency already vigorous in Gentile. If northern, or more specifically French, influence comes in at all, is it not merely by way of confirming an established taste? Alas, those days of significant pageantry! In England they are reviving the traditional spectacles with learned care; among ourselves mysterious orders of chivalry parade in knightly panoply. We strive arduously for the spectacular, and we get the results of those who strive too consciously. Perhaps the realists are right—Whitman in Brooklyn Ferry, Renoir in the Dancing Garden, our own young arranger of sombrely splendid pageants from the New York ghetto, Jerome Myers—perhaps they are right, I say, to eschew the arranged for the casual spectacle. And yet with the sense of travesty departing, is not the casual spectacle also doomed—I mean as regards its appeal to the eye? This, too, would be of a piece with a civilization that willingly starves the eye in the alleged interest of the mind. Is it not significant that at a time when society gives the artist so little to look at, the writer pushes description to its furthest extreme of technical excellence? What does that mean but that the naïve joys of the eye have been superseded by a more complicated pleasure—one fairly within the range of a blind person? How can the painter and sculptor hope for a real place among us, until we concede to the claims of the eye—not that attention we gladly pay to those of the ear, but at least that respect which we give to the higher exactions of the palate?

We have drifted far from Gentile. But really little remains to say. We find him at Siena and Orvieto, repeating his Venetian and Florentine triumphs, and finally, at derelict Rome, helping to dignify the return of the Pope. Gentile painted at Sta. Maria Nuova and in the Lateran, at that time the first temple of Christendom. There death overtook him suddenly, in 1427, still in joyous possession of his powers. He was buried at Sta. Maria Nuova, but time has cancelled his epitaph and even exact memory of his last resting place.

Any judgment we may form of his painting, is defective in advance. His most important work we know on hearsay only. For us he is preëminently the master of blithe color, the inventor of certain soft appealing forms of woman's loveliness—what Madonna picture in the world is sweeter than the little panel in the Museum at Pisa?—the contriver of vivacious spectacles, the celebrator of dying chivalry in the full-blown splendor of its decline. For the rest, a simple spirit, carrying to the point of perfection the technique and forms he had inherited; a contented soul when divine discontent was in the air; an innovator only to the extent of enriching established formulas. In every way, he seems one of those gracious spirits whose pious task it is to invest in an ultimate charm, an art no longer capable of real progress and foredoomed. The wistful flavor of decadence is in all his panels. They have, as compared with Gothic painting of the great time, the insubstantial flavor of Campanian marbles, as compared with those of early Attica. In both cases, the vague provincial suggestion is a weakness, but constitutes also an appeal. Our judgment approves Masaccio for his break with an exhausted past, our love goes out to Gentile for his unquestioning fealty to old and beautiful if tottering ideals. I could almost resent a discovery, say of those hidden Venetian frescoes, which should demonstrate that Gentile, too, was an innovator. That he was that in a measure, there is reason to believe—but a progressive spirit, not in the sense of the realists, but of Fra Angelico or Fra Filippo Lippi. Why Fra Filippo is not a realist, I cannot here take the pains to explain. As a wholesome sentimentalist, and lover of the human spectacle, he was, in some degree, the spiritual heir of Gentile.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

The July *Burlington Magazine* is not at the highest level of interest attained by that periodical, though it contains several articles of some importance. The note by Georges H. De Loo on "An Authentic Work of Jaques Daret" should fix a date and a name in the heretofore rather vague history of early Flemish painting; while A. M. Hind notices some "Newly Discovered Rembrandt Documents," published by Dr. Bredius, which upset the received chronology of Rembrandt's etchings and show that that master continued to etch and to engrave up to the end of his life. Among the illustrations the most interesting are reproductions of several pictures lately in the collection of the King of the Belgians (two by Rubens and one by Hobbema) and a couple of rather timid works put forward by C. J. H. as possible early experiments by Vermeer of Delft.

The special spring number of the *International Studio* is devoted to the water colors of J. M. W. Turner. There is a growing feeling that this part of Turner's work is the best of what he has left us, and these thirty reproductions of drawings, ranging from the stiff formality of the earliest exhibited work of 1790 to the amazing sketches of the early forties, will be welcome to many. There are the inevitable contradictions in the text. Sir Charles Holroyd dwelling on the "absolute truth," even to the smallest details of locality, of Turner's sketches, while Mr. A. J. Finberg maintains that they must not be regarded as "attempts to give an accurate representation" of anything, even of effects. Mr. W. C. Rawlinson's detailed discussion of the plates and of Turner's successive manners at different periods of his life is perhaps more profitable.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has announced its awards in the architectural section in connection with the Grand Prix de Rome. The chief prize went to J. G. M. Boutterin, a pupil of Raulin and Héraud. The prize next in value was taken by M. J. E. L. Madeline, a pupil of Deglane, and the third by G. E. Lauzanne, a pupil of Laloux. Two other awards of the Académie are the Prix Troyon to Émile Marcel and a *Mention Honorable* to Mlle. Marcelle Louis Noyon.

From Kiel comes the report of the death, in her eighty-first year, of Prof. Johanna Mestorf, who until a year ago was director of the Schleswig-Holstein Museum in that town. Her title of "professor" was conferred on her by the Emperor, in 1899, and she was the first German woman to be so honored. Besides her administrative work she wrote a number of volumes on archæological subjects.

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Finance.

THE UNION PACIFIC'S ASSETS.

For a week past, the Stock Exchange has been indulging in great excitement over what it describes as the expected "segregation plan" for the Union Pacific Railroad's holdings of stocks of other railways. In general, Wall Street's idea appears to be that these stocks—amounting by the company's last report to $108,000,000 pledged against collateral trust bonds, and $131,000,000 held free in the Treasury—will somehow be transferred to other custody, so that the railway company, as such, will be disengaged from the business of operating on the stock market. As to what method of segregation will be pursued, no official statement or intimation has been given out; it is, therefore, impossible as yet to discuss the matter from that point of view. Speculative Wall Street, after its fashion, jumped to the conclusion that the "deal" would be so arranged as to impart great additional value to the Union Pacific's shares, which were accordingly bid up 16 points last week, with a relapse at the present week's opening. This throws no light on the project; the Stock Exchange, in its present mood, would do the same for the shares of any property in which a "deal" was rumored. But the "segregation plan," whatever form it take, happens to be a sequel to a very sensational chapter of railway history, which it is well worth while to review.

The Union Pacific's purchases of stock in other railways, on the scale which has made its operations memorable, began when the so-called "community-of-interest" idea had turned the heads of our Wall Street millionaires. This plan of action was based on the purchase of one another's shares by the various railways, the purchase-money being raised on the credit of the purchasing company. It will be recalled that the process was largely at the bottom of the frenzied markets of April, 1901, when the buying power which converged on the Stock Exchange seemed to be absolutely unlimited. The Union Pacific had thus bought $75,000,000 stock of the Southern Pacific Company, bonding itself for the purpose. This operation attracted less attention, because its main purpose was to acquire the Central Pacific line, which, although owned by the Southern Pacific, was a natural connecting link to the Western Coast for the Union Pacific's main transcontinental line. But the ease with which this property was acquired stimulated the appetite and relaxed the caution of the rich "insiders." The contest, first for possession of the Burlington and Quincy, and then for the Northern Pacific Railway, followed a few months later.

It was conducted on lines which, a very few years before, would have been described as unparalleled recklessness. Union Pacific's executive committee had virtual *carte-blanche* with the company's credit; Harriman himself, as chairman of the board, had been voted practically unlimited borrowing powers, with the absolute right "to execute in the name and on behalf of this company a note or notes for the amount so borrowed." Although no official admission of the fact has ever been made, there is no doubt whatever that the $78,000,000 par value in Northern Pacific stock, bought by the Union Pacific in 1901, was purchased with money borrowed in the open market on the notes of the company. This highly precarious operation was supplemented later by a bond issue to take up the floating debt thus created, and a fortunately favorable money market averted the grave perils which must always surround such experiments with corporation credit. The Northern Pacific corner, the exchange of the stock for that of the Northern Securities holding company, the dissolution of that company, occurred without disaster to Mr. Harriman's undertaking.

He sold on the open market the stock received on the liquidation of that merger, and got more than he had paid for it. The speculation had been lucky, and in the middle of 1906, Union Pacific was left with $55,000,000 free cash in its treasury. No idea of reducing the capital liabilities incurred in the purchase, or of devoting this money to the urgent physical needs of the railway property, seems to have occurred to Harriman. Instead, he rushed into the speculative Wall Street market, buying right and left the shares of other railways, many of which had no connection with his own. The $55,000,000 cash was not enough; the Union Pacific incurred a floating debt of $75,000,000 more, and the proceeds were similarly used. Such an operation, secretly conducted and accompanied by wild speculation ascribed to the people who knew what was going on, was bound to take rank as a public scandal when the facts were made public. That service the Interstate Commission rendered, and the people at large learned the truth of the matter at the moment when Union Pacific was struggling to place its bonds in an unfavorable money market, and when, by rough calculation, the market value of the stocks bought for the company in 1906 had depreciated $40,000,000. Since then, and up to the present time, there have been fairly well authenticated reports of buying and selling operations for the same account, and in the same shares, on the Stock Exchange.

The panic of 1907 sobered up a good many millionaire speculators who had come to believe that there was no limit

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of safety to their use of credit. Probably some of Harriman's own associates began to feel misgivings over the policy so recklessly pursued, and to protest against its continuance. It had, moreover, become quite plain that unless our great railway corporations were to become mere engines of speculation, and their trust funds only handmaids of the Stock Exchange, a halt of some sort must be called. The most that they could discover, in the way of remedy for the situation created in Union Pacific's own finances, was some scheme for turning over the company's holdings of other railway shares to a separate company, or at all events, for placing immediate control of them in different hands. It will occur to all observant minds that a plan of this sort might leave the last state of things as objectionable as the first. But comment on this aspect of the matter must be deferred until the nature of the contemplated "segregation plan" is known.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baskerville, C. General Inorganic Chemistry. Heath & Co.
Bisland, E., and Hoyt, A. Seekers in Sicily. Lane. $1.50 net.
Bond, F. Visitors' Guide to Westminster Abbey. Frowde.
Curtler, W. H. R. A Short History of English Agriculture. Frowde. $2.15 net.
Despatches From Paris, 1784-1790. Selected and edited from the Foreign Office Correspondence by O. Browning. Vol. I. (1784-1787.) London: Camden Society.
Dumas. Le Comte de Monte-Cristo. Edited by C. Fontaine. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Elford, P. Practical School Gardening. Frowde.
Elson, H. W. A Child's Guide to American History. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Figgis, D. A Vision of Life: Poems. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Lane. $1.25 net.
Historical Stories of the Ancient World and the Middle Ages: Retold from St. Nicholas Magazine. 6 vols. Century.
Ibañez, V. B. The Shadow of the Cathedral: a Novel. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Liverpool Committee for Excavation and Research in Wales and the Marches. First Annual Report, 1908. University Press of Liverpool.
Lyons, A. N. Sixpenny Pieces. Lane. $1.50.
Pattee, G. K. Practical Argumentation. Century. $1.10 net.
Phillips, D. G. The Hungry Heart; a Novel. Appleton. $1.50.
Photographic Annual. Fifth edition, revised to June, 1909. Tennant & Ward. 50 cents.
Stephens, F. F. The Translation Period, 1788-1789, in the Gov. of the U. S. Social Science Series, Vol. II, No. 4, University of Missouri Studies.
Tennyson's Shorter Poems and Lyrics 1833-1842. (The Lady of Shalott, and Other Poems.) Edited with introduction and notes, by B. C. Mulliner. Frowde.
Third Report of the Wellcome Research Laboratories at the Gordon Memorial College, Khartoum. Toga Publishing Co. $5 net.
Wollaston, G. H. The Englishman in Italy. Frowde. $1.75 net.
Works of James Buchanan. Collected and edited by J. B. Moore. Vol. IX, 1853-1855. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

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By EDWIN C. ARMSTRONG, Professor in Johns Hopkins University. With Exercises by DE LA WARR B. EASTER, Professor in Randolph-Macon College. ix + 192 pp. 12mo. 90 cents.

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